

A REAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 59.

[PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 18TH, 1909.

TWOPENCE.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

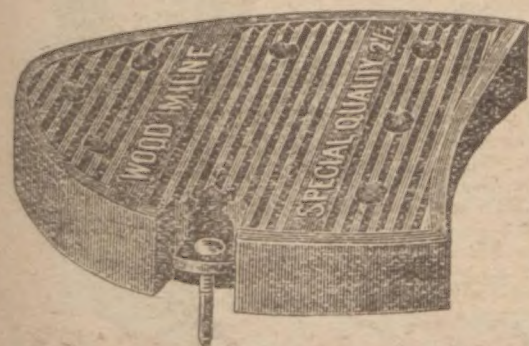
WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.



Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.



No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.



Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

FREE TRIAL of SANDOW'S Spring-Grip DUMB-BELLS

FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS

advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2/6 as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2/6 each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made*.

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature demands, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

Why exercise with the Bells has a remedial as well as a strengthening effect is easily explained. If the muscles are not in a strong, healthy condition the various functions of the body cannot be performed in a proper manner, and such common complaints as indigestion and Constipation are caused by the stomach muscles being in a weak and unhealthy condition. When these muscles are strengthened by proper exercise, stomach troubles are relieved.

Liver complaints are impossible when that organ has been invigorated by the Dumb-Bell exercises, and is able to carry out its duties in a proper manner.

The great benefit which the nervous system receives from the strengthening of the muscles relieves such nervous troubles as Insomnia, Debility, and Nervous Headaches.

Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

We answer, "Yes, it is possible; in fact, it has been done in innumerable cases," and we are prepared to prove our assertion. The Bells have brought health and strength to thousands, and they can do the same for you.

The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bells can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co., Room 39, Date.....190
Sandow Hall, Burleigh Street, Strand.

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

Address

* Please cross out sizes not required.

FREE FROM FARROW'S "FAROBANK,"

The New Christmas Game for the People,
PRESENTED POST FREE by

FARROW'S BANK LTD.

(THE PEOPLE'S BANK)

To every reader of "The Modern Man," for the Christmas Family Party.

Instructive. Original. Amusing and Attractive for Old and Young.

SEND THIS COUPON.

Please forward me the "Farobank" Christmas Game, post free.

Name

Address

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

To FARROW'S BANK, Ltd.,
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DON'T BE FAT WHEN PHATOLENE TABLETS Will Cure You Absolutely.

Read what the people say:

Mr. SEWELL, Buxton. I have sufficiently benefited by your tablets and I return your last box. I only wanted to reduce myself 7lbs., which your sample has done for me.

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Mrs. FIRMAN, Holme Cottage, near Thetford. Please send me another 4/- box of tablets. They have a wonderful result with me.

The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

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Mr. GARRETT, Swanage. Please send me 4/- box, I am feeling better already, and I am sure this quantity will quite cure me. I shall not want the 10/- supply.

PHATOLENE TABLETS are guaranteed to cure you of stoutness without starvation aperients, or interference with your ordinary method of living. PHATOLENE TABLETS are the most remarkable scientific discovery of the present age. PHATOLENE TABLETS are an aid to health, make you look younger, and produce a charming figure. We are so confident that PHATOLENE TABLETS will reduce your weight daily that we offer to send you a large trial box in return for a Sixpenny Postal Order only. Write at once, enclosing P.O. for Sixpence to—



THE PHATOLENE CO., 50, Berwick House, Oxford Street,
LONDON, W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 18TH, 1909.

TWOPENCE.



TIPS FOR THE LONE MAN. EVERYDAY DOMESTIC COMFORTS THAT HE CAN FIND FOR HIMSELF.

The lone man in the arid wastes of London diggings, with the landlady vulture ever hovering over his devoted head and the incompetent slavey preying below stairs, may be thankful for a few tips which will enable him to make existence a little easier and his personal comfort a little more sure.

The care of hair-brushes, for instance, is one that the average man does not, and probably need not, trouble about—he has feminine belongings, happily, who look after such trifles for him.

But the lone bachelor, whose means do not permit him the luxury of a valet, must either trust to the tender mercies of strangers or do things for himself.

The way to set about washing a hair-brush is as follows:

Get some hot water with a good supply of common washing soda, and having freed your brush from hairs with the comb, fill up your wash-hand basin to the brim.

Rub a little yellow soap over the bristles and dip your brush into the water, immersing the bristles but taking care not to let the water touch the back of the brush, as it will destroy the polish.

Keep on dipping in and out until the bristles are clean, then rinse in cold clean water, shake them well, and put the brush on its side to dry on the window-sill, or anywhere where there is a good draught.

Combs can be washed in the same way, but ought to be dried on a towel.

If you should happen to come in with wet boots, it is an excellent plan to have a pair of socks or stockings filled with bran handy, and use them instead of the ordinary boot-trees.

You will find this a much wiser practice than to send them below to be dried—most likely on the top of the kitchen range. A visit to the boot doctor generally follows the latter mode of procedure.

It is just as well to be as independent as possible, and a wise man will invest in a spirit-lamp and a tin kettle rather than trust to the tardy appearance of tepid water for shaving operations.

Besides, think how delightfully easy it becomes to concoct a night-cap on a cold night.

Here is another tip anent the soap-bowl and the waste that inevitably goes on.

Don't throw away little bits of soap. Keep them in a jar, and when you have a good lot, spend a few moments one spare afternoon and fill a tin with all the pieces of soap and a little water, and place it over your lamp. When melted, form the whole into a ball, and you have got a cake of soap which will come in most useful when you have been cleaning your rifle or overhauling your bike.

C. J. JARVIS.

CHEEK.

According to report, Mme. Steinheil is to appear at a London music-hall before long. Remembering the inanities of Violet Charlesworth on the stage, let us hope she will be given a fair trial first.

* * *

The *Daily Express* refers to America as the "Paradise of the Worker." Isn't this a contradiction in terms?

* * *

Dr. Cook mysteriously disappeared the other day, and people are wondering where "he took his hook" to. Probably Poland.

* * *

Mr. Balfour, who seems to be conducting quite a campaign against mendacity lately, now says that golf is a game to play and not to talk about. Certainly, "bad lies" are one of the features of the game.

* * *

Judge Bacon observed in a recent case over the fit of a woman's costume that "there was quite a gap, showing the white undergarments, the name of which I do not know." Nevertheless it was singular that he should speak of them in the plural.

* * *

Astronomers are speculating with some alarm as to what we shall do if the tail of Halley's comet should come in contact with the earth, as possibly it may in April next. We advise everybody to lay in a good stock of salt.

* * *

A champion bull-dog, valued at £1,000, has been killed in combat with a dog of commoner breed. Germany is delighted.

* * *

An advertiser in *The Times* wants some millionaire to present him with a million pounds so that he may give a useful object-lesson in spending. Any reader with an inclination to grant this request may send his cheque to the undersigned, care of THE MODERN MAN.

* * *

Speaking of his book, Lieutenant Shackleton says that his journal was printed as it was written, except that the swear words were taken out. Evidently too tropical to be appropriate.

* * *

The West Ham Guardians have decided to banish beer from the Christmas dinner table of the workhouse inmates. May they themselves die thirsty, is all we have to say.

* * *

"What have politics to do with fashions?" complains a lady fashion-writer. Nothing; except that they both distort the truth.

* * *

The Bishop of London declares that "twenty-five years ago society rather sniffed at a teetotaler; now it jumps at him." Jumps on him, more likely.

E. MILLAR.

HOW TO SPEND CHRISTMAS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

A man's first consideration in regard to the Christmas respite from work is to get in as much fun as he can.

It must be fun pure and simple, for the holiday is too brief to rank as an athletic event, and he can scarcely work into it with any pleasure either a cycle run or a walking tour, at least of such a description as would cover the few days.

Nothing is more miserable than travelling about at Christmas time. Essentially it is a period for the glorification of home life, and the stranger in a strange country feels lonely indeed.

Let us suppose, in the first place, that you have gone to spend Christmas with friends, preferably in the country.

The first thing to remember is to take with you some sort of gift to each member of the family. It need not be anything expensive, but Christmas is associated with gift-giving, and custom has taught us to regard these practical compliments as part and parcel of the season. Kind thoughts are flying about broadcast, but it is the well-chosen gift, irrespective of its cost, that focusses these kind thoughts on you.

On the other hand, let us suppose that you are spending your Christmas at home—eating and sleeping and smoking and taking gentle exercise, and, above all, loafing. We might, perhaps, call it by the more dignified name of resting.

A Christmas vacation spent in this way has worlds to be said for it. Actual experiments that have been made have shown that the average health of the community after Christmas is better than it was before, and it is admitted that this is due to the high quality of Christmas fare. There are also Christmas ailments, due to injudicious indulgence in the aforesaid fare, but, being a sturdy person, these will not worry you.

The great thing when you are spending Christmas at home is to take a moderate amount of exercise and plenty of sleep, as these will make up for the extra tax that you are putting upon your digestive powers.

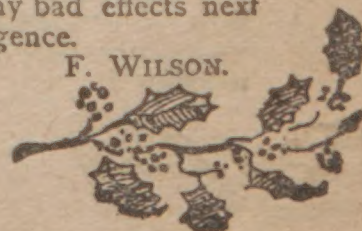
On Christmas day itself, an ideal plan is to have a good long tramp after breakfast and to return at least an hour before the great meal, which is generally held at midday. By so doing you not only have an appetite, but you are also not too tired to tackle the good things that are to be set in front of you.

The afternoon is best spent in the usual Christmas style—loafing about in the drawing room, listening to a bit of music and so forth.

After tea, however, there will come a physical reaction and you will feel once more fit for some sort of exercise, whether it be walking or dancing or a cycle run in the dark, and it will put you right for supper.

Don't have too heavy a supper, and there will be little fear of your feeling any bad effects next morning from your day's indulgence.

F. WILSON.





THE OUTDOOR MAN'S WINTER EQUIPMENT.

Not a few men "draw the line at snow." Rain, storm, fog or frost, they will not only face, but enjoy with all the abandon of the real lover of the open air; but the "snow line" finds them indoors, or at least unwilling to go out into it and take their pleasure.

It is not the cold, of course, that deters them, for cold to the man in vigorous health is as champagne to the tired, as sleep to the weary—a refreshment, a tonic, and something that gives an added zest to existence.

The man who gets out of a warm bed and souses the cold water over his back from a well-filled sponge, and then experiences the absolutely joyous glow that follows while he runs through a few exercises with dumb-bells, clubs, or other "exercisers," is not the man to shirk a little snow.

THE OBJECTION TO SNOW.

It is from quite other motives that the "snow-line" man takes to his books or cleans up his leather belongings, or his gun if he has one, when there are three or four inches of snow covering the earth as far as he can see around him.

What, then, is the reason of a man's reluctance to go out into the snow? What the cause of that dropping of the spirits as he looks out of the window first thing and sees white everywhere?

The reason is that he is often of opinion that the snow is a spoil-sport; that it calls a truce to all the activities that he is accustomed to, and that it is a hindrance to activity.

Now in some respects snow is a spoil-sport. Hunting, of course, is impossible when the ground is covered completely, just as it is impossible, and dangerous into the bargain, when the plough-land is frozen into iron ridges, and the grass land rings to the stamp of a hoof like an anvil.

FRESH EXPERIENCES.

But the snow, while it may, and doubtless does, prevent some kinds of definite sport, also offers a man a completely new and fresh set of open air experiences, if he will only set out properly equipped and open to enjoy a scramble and a ramble through the winter roads and fields.

There is at the outset a glorious feeling of sufficiency as one emerges, well clad, from the glow of the well-warmed breakfast-room into the cold clear brightness of the morning after the heavy fall.

One meets the snow on equal terms and can fight its many-sided attack. But only if one is properly equipped.

And of all parts of one's snow outfit the boots are the most important.

Ordinary boots, such as one works in and wears on all everyday occasions are not snow boots. There is an insinuating quality in melting snow that outwits the best bootmaker, and when the least snow dampness is felt in the boot the wearer's comfort is gone and his health is likely to follow it.

THE SNOW TEST.

Thick boots, of course, one must have, but it is not enough to have thick soles. The tongues should be of real leather, and not of one of those fancy materials that are all very well for town wear.

Moreover, they should be joined to the uppers a good way up the lacing sides, and not merely rooted at the toe.

This attachment, as in the boot known as the "Derby" make, prevents the minute particles of snow that lodge in the laces from trickling through to the feet as they melt.

THE QUESTION OF BOOTS.

These are obvious details, but there is another precaution which is seldom taken by those who get out in the snow-covered country.

It is always difficult to walk comfortably in snow with the ordinary flat-soled boot. One advances a yard and slips back half a yard, and is soon tired out with the unusual strain of keeping one's balance.

To prevent this unsteadiness, I have found it an admirable and completely successful plan to fix on the soles of the boots a set of bars which are only a modification of the bars and studs that all football players use on their boots.

But to have exactly the same kind of bars does not suit snow. A football field is of uniform level, and as a rule (though not invariably) is less slippery than snow. A couple of deep bars will "grip" the earth well, but not so in the case of snow.

The ground one walks over is uneven, and it will be found that ordinary football-boot bars are too sharply defined.

A GOOD FOOTHOLD.

My plan is to have several narrow bars placed on the sole, so that on placing one's foot in the snow it tends to take a firm grip, while the sole is not so sharply barred that the inequalities of the ground beneath the snow are of first importance.

Care must be taken to have the snow-bars fixed so that the comfort of the foot is maintained.

A good plan is to pay a visit to the village cobbler and have the bars cut and temporarily fixed "while you wait." You can slip the boot on in the shop and have the bars adjusted to a nicety.

Lastly, a thorough application of neat's-foot oil or castor oil to the leather, seams, and edges of the soles will tend to preserve the leather, and prevent the rotting effects of melting snow.

Thus shod, and with a stout stick, the snow loses its terrors for the walker.

The sportsman knows too well the invaluable opportunities he has in times of snow for watching the ways and discovering the haunts of his furred and feathered victims, for when the white cover is over the earth not a creature can stir without leaving its trail. J. G. HAYWARD.

SPORT IN OLD AGE.

There recently appeared in one of the London newspapers a paragraph dealing with the case of an old gentleman who was, at the advanced age of ninety, a Master of Harriers.

This instance is by no means an isolated one, for an active participation in sport keeps not only the body, but also the mind, young. There can be no one actively connected with athletic clubs who does not remember amongst his acquaintances some old sportsman who, although past the time when he can participate personally in a recreation, yet takes the keenest interest in the organisation of a club and in giving advice to its younger members.

These grand old men of sport serve a very useful purpose, for they show to all the world that sport is not a thing that appeals to the young man only; it is a thing that may continue to occupy a large part of a man's time and attention throughout the whole of his life.

The man who is nothing but a sportsman is usually nothing much more than a fool, but the best type of sportsman is the man who looks at sport as an antidote to the worries of his ordinary work; and, using it in this way, he preserves his youthfulness to the last, to his own benefit, and to the advantage of sport generally.

A MAN'S GIFTS.

SOME ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Christmas is the season for gift-making, and doubtless many a chap will be downright grateful for a few timely hints as to the choice of article, especially those who are lacking in originality and those whose means are out of proportion to their generosity.

The man who wishes to make a gift to a pal has a far easier task than giving to a comparative stranger, for he knows his pal's tastes, and can hit upon something that will please without much trouble.

Gift-making, to be successful, must be managed with tact—it is no use giving a hunting crop to a man who has never been astride a horse in his life, or a cigar-box to a non-smoker, yet such things are done every day.

If your pal is a sportsman and means are no object with you, a set of old sporting prints is a gift sure to be appreciated.

Of course the man with mechanical or artistic skill can manufacture lots of articles suitable for presents to his intimate friends, which will be valued far more highly than anything purchased in a shop.

For the amateur who favours fretwork, a pipe-rack is by no means difficult to make, say, in two contrasting woods and representing a winter scene—or a cigarette-box ornamented with Christmas foliage and berries.

Picture and photo-frames are nearly always acceptable, and can be made of a variety of materials and in all sorts of designs, from a homely carved oak to a stamped leather frame.

The man who can work in metal can turn out a costly enough gift in the shape of a gold or silver cigarette-case if it is an occasion of more than ordinary importance.

But to come down to the man who can make nothing and perforce must buy, he is face to face rather with the difficulty of making a choice from a plethora of gifts than not finding anything suitable.

He must be guided by his knowledge of his pal's likes and dislikes, and act accordingly.

If your friend is a smoker, you can never be far wrong if you give him tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes, provided that you know his favourite brand.

Even if others have also presented him with smokes, your gift will be appreciated, for it helps to save his pocket.

If he happens to be a motorist, give him something he can use during his trips—a flask, for example, or a carriage clock.

If he is a collector of coins or stamps, give him an addition to his collection—that is, if you each know enough of the subject not to be taken in by the dealer, and not to make the mistake of presenting him with a specimen of little value or a duplicate.

For a horsey man a photo-frame shaped like a horseshoe in dark leather and studded with silver nails is a capital little souvenir. A good Russian leather pocket-book is a gift most men can find use for.

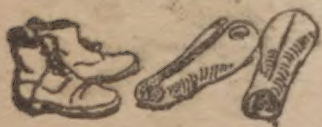
In making presents of jewellery, great care and taste must be exercised; but when you know your articles are worn by the person to whom you intend to give, a ring or a scarf-pin or a set of links may be chosen. A signet ring is seldom disliked, while a carbuncle set in a broad band of eighteen-carat gold is a gift worth having.

Unless you are yourself a book-lover, don't attempt to give books to a bookish pal. Better give him a reading-lamp, or a paper-knife of curious design, or even a handsome walking-stick as a hint that there is the great library of Nature where he may study a little—to the great advantage of his health.

A fountain-pen of good quality, a calendar, a hang up, or a thermometer or barometer are useful gifts.

All these are gifts a man need never be ashamed to give and a pal only too proud to accept.

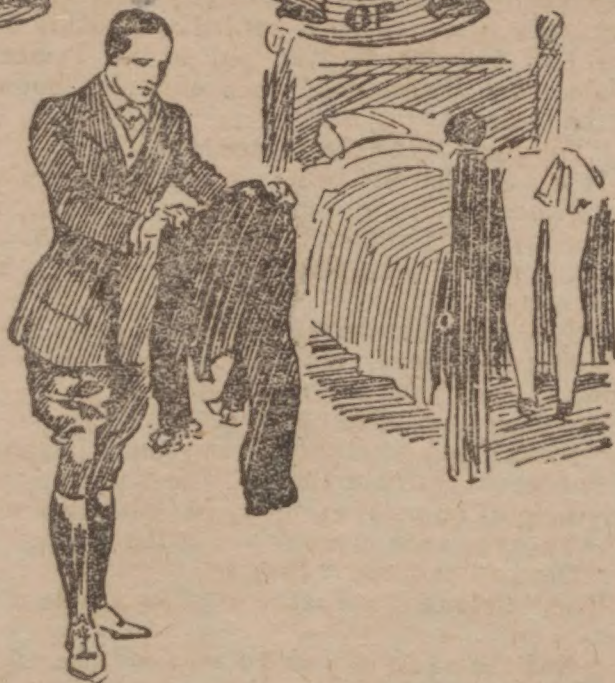
W. TAYLOR.



A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

THE HOUSE OF CONTENT



his cravat, pedantically fixed with a dim suggestion of Beau Brummell.

"Sir," he said, grandiloquently, "be so good as to take this poor house and all that it has to offer you as freely as a brother in blood or in arms. Stap me!

There is hospitality left in England yet!

"Good firing, good lodging, good food, and a bottle of old port. What more can any man desire, be he prince or beggar, Mellish?" as the Prince of Wales often says to me. The Prince has frequently honoured my little place with a visit. You might hardly credit it, but His Royal Highness does not forget his friends—however humble they be.

"Now, young sir, I perceive your boots—a new fashion, surely?—are wet, and a change of clothes is placed at your disposal in the guests' room. Follow me, sir. Let it not be said that Colonel Mellish denied an honoured guest anything on Christmas Eve—even to his last guinea. Then such a meal as the good dame may prepare, a bowl of punch and a pipe of good Virginia to finish. What say you?"

"It is too good of you," I began.

"Tut! tut! 'Between one gentleman and another there is no need for compliment'—as His Royal Highness often says in his merry way. 'Stap me, but the fourth George will'—we were walking along the corridor, and he turned his kindly face to me as he bore the long candle, in the old brass candlestick, before him. 'The fourth George will.' He seemed to be momentarily troubled.

"Oh, the fourth George has done all he ever will," I said. "Our Prince of Wales will be the fifth George, I believe. But I am not in a mood to trouble about the Succession now, thank you."

"No," said my host, vaguely.

I followed him up the broad, creaking stairs, one hand on the thick octagonal balustrade of solid oak. A door groaned as the Colonel turned the clumsy handle, and I entered an apartment lit by at least twenty candles, large and small, that threw an old-world touch upon the scene. There was the four-poster bed, the Georgian furniture, the heavy oaken chests, famous in a thousand ghost stories. Laid out was my "change."

Now, the atmosphere of the place must have taken possession of me altogether. I stood in front of the blazing fire when my host had gravely closed the door behind him, and I soberly contemplated the prospect of changing into the attire of a hundred years ago! Riding-breeches, leggings, thick boots, a cutaway coat, and a collar and tie from a Strand outfitter's seemed much out of place here. I appreciated the delicate taste of the master of the House of Content. The cravat might be a trouble to an inexperienced hand, but the rest seemed easy and likely to fit fairly well.

Besides, something told me, gently, to do it . . . and my muddy boots were soiling the faded carpet with the little flower pattern. I was seeking for Content. Here in this little piece of the old world I was finding it . . . It seemed good to me to reason with nothing—merely *do* nothing but live back to the Past—the days of the Regency.

I found my host a smiling figure stretched out in an arm-chair by the roaring, crackling Yule logs. His rubicund, genial face shone as the firelight danced on it, and already a good round of beef stood, importantly supreme, above the small surrounding dishes. Places were set for quite a dozen people.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

I quite expected Mr. Richard Turpin, "Beau" Brummell, Nash, Travis the Jew—irrespective of their periods—to appear and sit at the board with us. (I was wondering how long it would be before I awoke.)

"The others . . .?" My host had taken his place at the head of the table, and he looked around. "Ah," he said. "Etiquette does not allow that they should take their seats before the arrival of His Royal Highness, who sups with us to-night. Soon"—the man of the old time leaned over to me and half-whispered—"soon we shall

the old lady we've got company—company at the Hill House on Christmas Eve!"

Still puffing at his aromatic cherrywood, he was rubbing his hands delightedly.

"Company at the Hill House on Christmas Eve—" I heard his mellow voice echoing down the oak-panelled passage as I opened the heavy door that led unto—

The very Habitation of Content!

There was simply nothing else to do but to collapse into the high-backed, cushioned arm-chair of the old time. The ancient brass fender with a broad top rail was the appointed place, plainly enough, for wearied feet. The patterns on the blue and white fireside ware, wondrous mills and impossible sheep on low-down sky lines, were naught but rest at last for wind-flayed eyes.

One could only expect to see old sporting-prints rounds the walls. They were there. There was no need for me to look for them. And through the glass that covered them I could lose myself in the World-as-it-used-to-be—when Christmas was Christmas indeed.

Four elongated plates showed the details of a Yuletide homeward coaching run, portrayed in the crude wit of the early 'eighties. A Weller Senior upon the box of a blue and yellow stage-coach awaited the mounting of gaily-clothed passengers, bucks of the period, wearing dandified apparel. All had their hands in capacious pantaloons pockets, and one gentleman, quoting Shakespeare, was saying, "Oh, these exactions, they are most pestilent to the hearing"—evidently in the same tones that the fleeced buck of these days applies to the enormity of the tipping habit.

In little square frames, gamecocks waged battle, and a benevolent old gentleman from an oval frame regarded it all with mild approval.

On a venerable sideboard stood antique punch-bowls, centred round a vast loving cup, which reigned supreme over them all and boasted a reclining Bacchus inlaid in copper.

I took my fill of comfort from the armchair and lost myself half-unconsciously in a blissful reverie. Here everything bade me to take the contentment that my surroundings offered me, *sans cérémonie*.

I was not in the slightest degree surprised when mine host entered the room bearing a pair of long churchwarden pipes.

I remembered I had noticed a certain strangeness about the cut of his shoulder-caped overcoat, even in the hazy dusk, when he had first accosted me from his side of the palings.

Decency demanded that I should not comment upon the attire he wore now, yet a snuff-coloured suit, a violent yellow waistcoat, and a coat collar that seemed cut too high, were hardly in keeping with present-day fashion. I was glad of this, rather. I discovered suddenly that there was much of the present-day fashion that displeased me. I extended my mental admiration even to

The beneficent gods who cast man's lot into pleasant places set me down by the hill which is far from the madding crowd. And the soft winds that blow over the crest of the rise are surely wafted from the realms of the blessed, where discordance is not.

Life that centres in the vicinity of the hill is simple and homely. One lives either "over the hill" or "this side o' the hill"—with the exception of the Friend of the village, who lives "top o' the hill." You see, the hill rises gently. There is no stiff gradient to climb either side. It would be out of keeping with its character and disposition.

Night was falling when I, a wanderer, topped the hill where the Friend of the village has his habitation in the Hill House that stands back at the end of the avenue beyond the rustic palings. And I paused to search with my eyes through the deepening dusk for the village that lies below.

"Just o'er the hill," a good yeoman of England had said to me, "is the village, and the Friend o' the village—you'll hear of him—lives in yon inn soon as you reach the top of the hill. Good-night to ye, stranger. Good night!"

He passed on his way, and I on mine.

The peace of the frosty evening and the shades thereof were cloaking the hill.

It was the Friend of the village who addressed me, and the Friend smoked a cherrywood pipe by the gate of his garden. The bowl glowed red in his woollen-gloved hand.

"Straight on down the hill," he said gently, "straight on."

His kindly voice was as balm to a tired wayfarer.

"And whom may you be looking for?" he asked me.

It seemed only natural that I should answer allegorically, "Content."

The Friend of the village puffed at his pipe. There was the aroma from the smoke lulled my senses. There were sweet-smelling herbs in that mixture of his.

"If you are truly weary you will find it here," he said after a pause. There is no undue haste on the hill.

"I suppose," he said presently, "you come from London Town?"

"I am seeking to forget it," I said, "seeking to shut its noise from my ears and its turmoil from my mind."

"Then—forget," said the Friend of the village, unkindly. "Here the wind blows cold but not to starvation. Here men strive not to bring each other laden with the cares of the outer world."

"Have you seen what you call the outer world?" I asked. A negative from this quaint being would not have surprised me.

"Years ago," answered the Friend of the village. "Since then I have seen the hill. It is a long coach drive to the outer world, young sir."

"And you remain here?"

"Now and always," he answered simply. "I live with pleasant memories."

The moon had risen cold and clear. There were heavy clouds obscuring the stars, banking up and growing.

A pure white flake fell . . . The cold breeze stirred the trees.

"I must get on to the inn," I said.

But the Friend had already opened the gate. Softly and gently the snow was falling now.

"If you will honour me," he said, gravely.

I followed him down the trimly-kept path which was already thinly layered with white, powdery snow. I bowed beneath a low trellis-work porch, whereon the creeper tentacles lashed in the wind.

"Take off your overcoat and and come inside," said the Friend of the village. "The night is cold, and what say you to something warming to the heart—something in season, man? Yes. In that room . . . There's a fire there. I must tell



bear the sound of his pair of bays and the rumble of his carriage on the drive outside. When the footman announces the Prince, rise, and when I have presented you to him offer him your snuff-box. He will take it—that prince of good fellows—as uncommon friendly—

"Look here," I said, "I never knew that the Prince of Wales took snuff. The 'personal pars' are sadly lacking in interest after all."

"Personal pars? . . . Why, every gentleman takes snuff. You take snuff."

"Excuse me. I don't," I said. "The very slightest pinch makes me—"

"Tut! tut!" my host interposed, "you have got a snuff-box—tortoiseshell and gold-mounted cunningly—in your pocket now—my Lord of Haversham."

The old man's eyes were twinkling.

"My Lord of Haversham?" I laughed. "I catch your humour now, sir. If I were really my Lord of—"

"But the seal you wear on your fob bears the crest of your house," said the Colonel. "You are the—"

"I suppose I shall wake up soon," I observed. "But I don't want to."

"You are certainly dull this evening, my Lord," said my host.

I had no time to comment upon this remark, for, from the outside, came the sound of lusty singing. Something in the nature of a horse-drawn vehicle had pulled up by the gate. I caught myself idly noting the crest on the seal attached to my fob.

"Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!"

The roysterers had evidently dismounted.

"That ought to suit the Colonel!" said a voice. There was the sound of not less than a dozen men walking unevenly down the path.

"These pumps are leaky," said another voice, "and, bless me, the snow's two inches deep here. You tinkle the bell, George."

Somewhere in the regions of the kitchen a bell clanged. The door creaked on its hinges, and amid no little merriment the company entered the room, announced one by one by a powdered-wigged footman resplendent in faded satin coat, breeches of apricot hue, and a number of superfluous "h's" worthy of a play scene depicting a Grosvenor Square reception.

"H-is R'yal 'Ighness the Prince of Wales," said the footman.

Then I was certain I was indeed dreaming, for there stalked into the Habitation of Content Prince George of Wales of the old time, generously designed gentlemen named variously Raikes, Brummell, Bentinck, Craven, Hertford, and others famous in the annals of the past, when Bath was at the height of its fashionable brilliancy.

I felt that surely I must wake up now, and the Friend of the village would shake me into consciousness in the high-backed chair.

But not so.

Mechanically I offered the Prince my gold-mounted snuff-box with a sweeping bow which I hoped met the occasion.

The Prince—his Kentish accent could have been cut by the proverbial knife—graciously regarded me and whispered:

"Put that stuff away for the good Lord's sake, faddie. It was the one thing I couldn't do in the dress rehearsal without sneezing."

"Dress rehearsal?" His Royal Highness perceived I was groping in the dark. "Really, sire—"

"Ere, you aren't mad, too, are ye?" he asked me.

"I don't think so—I don't think so," I answered, vaguely.

"Then, who are you?" he persisted. "Why"—light dawned on him—"of course, there wasn't a man tall enough to take the part in the village."

He grabbed my seal.

"Of course," he went on, "you're the Lord of Haversham—at least, he thinks you are, anyway."

"Who thinks I am? I believe I really—"

"Who? Why the Friend of the village—the curio-collector. Got pots of money, but—"

His Royal Highness tapped his head significantly.

"Kindest-hearted old chap in the world," he observed, "but always back in the early eighteen hundreds from sundown until dawn. Kicks himself he's Colonel Mellish, pal of the Prince of Wales—not the present Prince of Wales, but one of the Georges."

"Then you aren't the Prince?"

It was still hard to believe I was really awake.

"Prince? No! I'm George Hankin, inn-keeper of the 'Gamecock,' down the hill. Also, if it may please you, stage-manager of this here little show."

"Still, I don't understand how you got—"

"The costumes? He lent us 'em—before sundown. I beg your pardon, Colonel?"

Our host had sidled up to us.

"I was about to observe, your Royal Highness, that I would match my horse, The Tartar, against anything of yours at even weight over two miles when next you are in residence at the Steyne."

"Done!" said the "Prince."

The "Colonel" prepared to make a note of the bet.

"And the name of your horse, sire?" he said.

"By gosh," said the Prince, aside to me; "that's done it! This wasn't in my dress rehearsal, as you might say."

I whispered something to him.

"Thanks," he said, and turned to the "Colonel."

"Sealed nomination, Mellish," he said haughtily. The little man bowed.

"If your Highness will permit me—," he said, placing a venerable oak armchair at the board.

The wine was passed round the table, and the Colonel opened the banquet in the old style.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, grandiloquently, "a bumper to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

"Hurrah!" cried those good men of Kent.

Looking back, I can see them now—the genial faces of "Beau Brummell," "Tom Raikes," "Berkeley Craven," and the rest.

I would that this year I might spend my Christmas Eve in the House of Content, but the Friend of the village since then has put back the calendar a hundred years all round the clock, and it is a private "home" that shelters Colonel Mellish now, for the hill knows him no more.

SPORTING PREJUDICE.

As a keen sportsman and one always ready to take up anything new provided it is worth while, you must have noticed a terrific amount of prejudice that some people have against any new form of sport.

To take an instance that is slap up-to-date, roller-skating was held by many to be a passing fancy that could not last, but roller-skating has not only lasted, but has proved itself so popular as a sport, that the investing public has almost fallen over itself in rushing to obtain shares in the various rinks that have recently been established.

Whether the popularity of this pastime will endure is a matter at which one can only guess.

There are, broadly speaking, two types of sportsmen—the one who is ready to back anything new, and the one who sticks to his old love so tenaciously that he will not even consider the possibility of merit in any new form of amusement. The latter misses a good deal of fun connected with sport.

It is very nice to be an expert at a game, and, being an expert, you may reasonably refuse to take up something new at which you would shine less brilliantly; but excellence at a sport is not by any means essential for its enjoyment, and you can get any amount of fun out of a new sport, if you make up your mind at the start that you are a regular duffer at it, and that you are out for its fun and not for sporting triumph.

The point is worth the consideration of all those who realise the true object of sport, which is purely recreative.

To excel in sport is a fine thing, but the great point is to get fun out of it, and that you can readily do by taking up new amusements.

THE ECONOMIES OF PRATT

AND WHAT THEY HAVE COST HIM

Pratt is of an economical turn of mind. He never by any chance buys any article if he can possibly manufacture a makeshift.

When the plumber is needed, he first of all tries to tinker up the damage himself with some special idea of his own—a paste of some sort, that always turns out a dismal failure.

He's a regular gold-mine to the plumber all seasons of the year in consequence of his economies!

As for other jobs usually left to the professional—well! Pratt rushes in with a paint-brush and chisel when they would fear to use either.

"Economise! My purse demands it," is what Pratt says, but really, as far as he is concerned, the watchword of Gladstone is only another name for extravagance.

His wife wanted a couch the other week, but had got so far that she had decided on the sofa-shop where she was going to buy it. But Pratt said there was no need to purchase, as he had a spare day.

He went out and bought an old, very hard mattress for a song. How he got it home puzzles me.

Then he knocked up a framework for it out of old egg-boxes and a bit of strong wire netting. After that he covered the mattress with some flimsy stuff, and spread more enamel over the woodwork than an extravagant person would have dreamt of using.

He declared at the finish that it was as good as anything at Maple's.

It looked all right until his wealthy maiden sat upon it. Then its superiority over a bona fide thing failed to be apparent.

Pratt will have nothing when she dies, for he is positive that it was a tell design on Pratt's part, knowing that he was down for something in the will.

When they finally disentangled her from the wood, rotten mattress, and the strong wire netting, she insisted on going to her solicitors right away.

I advised Pratt when I heard of the catastrophe to "ware wire" in future. But a pig-headed fellow is Pratt.

He made me a garden aviary once.

Pratt is one of those fellows who will not do that he has never made such a thing in his life before. He always volunteers to do anything you say you want done.

He did it with that infernal wire netting mesh of which is really wide enough to permit an eagle escaping, to say nothing of small birds.

I may have populated the neighbourhood with rare birds, but I didn't possess a single specimen in my aviary. It remains in my garden as a perpetual warning against letting Pratt do anything for me again.

"I can't bear to see people spending money when I can do any little job for them," Pratt says in a burst of neighbourly fellowship, and goodwill.

I don't know about the good money, but I know about the bad work Pratt accomplishes.

He is so economical that he wants to economise for his neighbours.

The aviary was bad enough, but that was nothing to what he did for Jones.

He mended his baby's perambulator for love, I suppose, and in Pratt's eyes that was a multitude of accidents.

Well, the wheel was right enough before he mended it, and so were the springs, but not after.

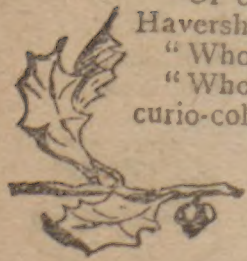
The perambulator and the baby came to a stop in a busy thoroughfare not far from the place where Jones was talking to a client on the step.

To see Jones run off into the crowd and find that baby was a sight worth seeing to know Jones!

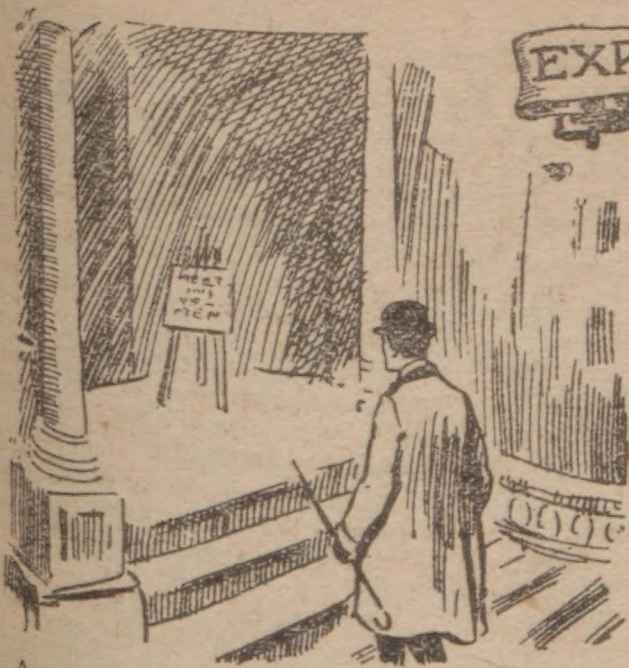
People applauded him and called him a hero until they found out it was his own kid.

Pratt got it hot that time from Mrs. Jones in spite of his goodwill. It takes a woman to know things a man shies at.

ROBERT W.



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A SYMPATHETIC BUT VERY CANDID OPINION.

There is manifestly nothing much wrong with the aim and intention of an Association which—Y.M.C.A.—“seeks to unite young men who desire to encourage and help each other in the development of true manhood.”

This is but an attempt to put into practice the idealistic principle of brotherhood of man which has existed throughout all the generations of human history.

How much of the promise, however, is fulfilled in performance is another matter. Pure as the first motives of the Y.M.C.A. may be, the only way to decide the measure of its success is by judging the effect it has upon its individual members.

THE OBJECTS.

Now, it is a curious though indisputable fact that the average Y.M.C.A. member has gained a reputation among the general public for namby-pambyism and unmanliness—curious, because that character is in direct contradistinction to the professed purpose of the Association.

At first sight it is difficult to understand why this should be so. The Association—again to quote—“seeks to promote the spiritual, social, intellectual, and physical welfare of its members and associates, to which end methods are employed which long experience has proved to be effectual.”

Those methods are in the main the provision of what is tantamount to a young men's club, the opportunity for education in a wide number of subjects, and the enjoyment of sports and hobbies at reasonable fees.

On the spiritual side, the Association is inter-denominational in character, and welcomes to its membership young men of good moral character, irrespective of Church connection. Religious classes and meetings are held, but attendance of them is not compulsory.

What, then, are the flaws in this institution of such excellent motives and organisation?

WHERE IT FAILS.

Well, at the very outset that part of it which persuades a great number of young men to join it—viz., for the advantages of club-life—is negated by the behaviour of the members.

The alpha and omega of the pleasure of club-life is non-interference. In the Y.M.C.A. you are never safe from the pesterings of men who want you to join this or that club, or debate, or lecture, or meeting, and you have to be capable of a veritable persistence of denial to escape.

Even then, refusals bring you into unpopularity with one or the other, who before long look upon you as a black sheep that has strayed into the fold.

Again, the limitations of free speech at the religious debates is an unpleasant feature.

A member who puts forth opposition views to the generally-accepted canons of religion is instantly in disrepute. Candid criticism, no matter

EXPOSURE OF THE Y.M.C.A.

with what earnest desire to arrive at the truth, is considered a symptom of atheism. Anyone who imbibes the spirit of the Y.M.C.A. Christian teaching becomes narrow, dogmatic, and intolerant.

Acquaintance with several branches of the Y.M.C.A. has made evident to the writer that many of the members are deliberately hypocritical in order to enjoy the conveniences that the Association offers. They are different men inside the premises from what they are out of it.

A common remark one hears is: “When in Rome do as Rome does,” which attitude, though not without wisdom, is certainly incompatible with the intentions of the Association.

THE HYPOCRISY OF IT.

It is this prevalence of humbug which, perhaps, supplies the chief explanation of the disfavour with which the Y.M.C.A. is regarded—not by all, but by many.

On the one hand, there is the somewhat offensive parading of religious zeal by those who are concerned with the spiritual welfare of the members; on the other, the pretence of virtue for the sake of obtaining advantage.

The fact of the matter is, that open avowal of the desire to improve his fellow is foreign to a man's instinct. The individual imbued with that ambition needs to be of a special manufacture to avoid becoming a prig.

There are men who are preachers and teachers by nature, just as there are men who are carpenters by nature, and when they are intellectually deep and characteristically sincere there is room for them.

An excellent game, which will provide both exercise and amusement with a very small outlay, is that known as “tether-ball” or “bumblepuppy.”

For those who cannot afford time or space for tennis or badminton, it provides an excellent means of keeping in practice with a racket, and though the game in itself requires more energy than skill, it is possible to become quite expert.

The requirements are simply a space of a very few square yards, a stout pole from eight to ten feet high, an old tennis ball, a piece of cord, and some linen.

The pole may be fixed permanently in the ground, but it is usually more convenient to make it removable, in which case a socket will have to be made for it.

The bottom of the pole should be square and tapered slightly towards the flat end, like the bowsprit of a ship.

The socket may be made of wood, and should fit the pole exactly, being sunk about a foot in the earth.

Above the ground, the pole should be planed round, and about six inches from the top is drilled a hole. Through this a piece of strong but thin cord is passed, and secured by a knot at one end.

The other end hangs two or three feet from the ground, and to this is affixed the tennis ball, which will have to be enclosed in a bag of linen or some such material—an old towel answers the purpose excellently—and firmly bound to the cord.

A couple of tennis rackets complete the outfit, and it is advisable that they should have been superannuated from use for tennis, for they will be subjected to some hard usage, and a string or two broken does not matter much. Only two can take part in the game, and

But an Association for the improvement of young men defeats its end by the confession of its intention.

Young men are not improved by *conscious* expositions of love towards one another. In the Y.M.C.A. the current assumption is that friendliness exists among all the members. The members are expected to conform to it, with the result that every branch is redolent with the odour of sanctity.

The concealment of dislike is equivalent to a lie, but honest dislike between men and men is as wholesome as honest friendship.

It is such facts as these which the Y.M.C.A. ignores, and which explain how, with the best motives in the world, it fails to achieve its purpose.

A. G. STORM.

A TIDY FIRESIDE.

For peace with your feminine relatives and for pleasure to your own eye, it is essential that you should do your best to keep the fireside tidy.

The circular that you have received and have opened eagerly, supposing it to be a letter from a friend, you tear up and cast angrily firewards. It is worth while taking the extra second required to throw the scraps of paper into the fire instead of into the fender.

The same thing applies to cigarette ends, ash, and matches.

The fire is undoubtedly the place for all minor rubbish, but the fender is not.

The brushing up of the fireside—particularly in a man's room—is not a very frequent occurrence, and there is therefore the more need to keep it clean by avoiding throwing into the fender those things that are meant for the flames.

TETHER-BALL.

the opponents stand opposite each other on either side of the pole.

The rules of the game are extremely simple—in fact, there

are none. The object of one player is to twist the cord round the pole, until the ball touches it, by hitting the ball in one direction, while the object of the other is to twist it completely round by hitting in the other direction.

From this it follows that one player must always be hitting back-handed, and the other fore-handed, unless one is a left-hander. In the former case, therefore, it is advisable to change direction for each game.

Only the bag containing the ball may be struck, and not the cord or your opponent—you will find the temptation to err in both the latter respects considerable as the excitement grows greater.

The best way of eluding your opponent is to hit the ball in such a way that it goes high on his side and passes over his head, keeping the cord taut all the time, but comes down on your side so that you can speed it on its way.

This, however, requires some practice, and at first you will find that much of the hitting is done wildly

and with the cord slack. As long as this is so, neither side has much chance of winding it up.

It is advisable to hold the racket rather short, and not to rely on sheer slogging. You want to catch your opponent off his guard.

If you want a strenuous form of winter outdoor exercise that you can practise at home and when you like, and have only a small space available, you cannot do better than take to tetherball.

JOHN GERVAISE.



A MAN'S PLANTS.

A man likes his own room, whether it is only a bed-sitting-room or a compartment that can be glorified with the name of study, to be home-like.

Many suggestions have been made as to the pictures that he should have on his walls and so forth, but I think that if there is one thing more than another that helps to make a room bright and comfortable it is to have a few plants about.

The millionaire may go in for fresh-cut flowers every day, but the average man has not the money to afford them. I think, however, that for a man's room a few good growing plants look quite as well as cut flowers, and they need much less care.

There are various hardy ferns that can be had well grown at about 1s. or 1s. 6d. a pot, and a couple of them in the room helps to furnish it wonderfully. If your taste runs to something out of the common, you might get a pot of aspidistra or an indiarubber plant.

There is a good deal of interest to be obtained in looking after plants and in judging the right amount of water they ought to have. They are all the better for re-potting occasionally, and that is a simple thing which can be carried out in the back garden on a Saturday afternoon.

A RATHER NOVEL GIFT.

It is always a bit of a puzzle what sort of a gift to give a fellow, but I have hit on something rather out of the way for my own especial pal. He is awfully keen on football, so after much thought I struck upon an original idea.

I am rather fond of fretwork, so I constructed a decidedly novel weather-house.

I took for a model the ordinary Darby and Joan arrangement, but instead of a rustic cottage I made mine into the representation of a football pavilion with two football players as touch judges, and gave them the flags of Notts Forest and Manchester respectively—Notts Forest was for fair and Manchester was for wet. I set up the goals on each side of the pavilion, fixed a couple of balls to the bit of a ground, and it was, when finished, both a useful and ornamental and highly appreciated gift.

A READER WELL LOST.

THE MODERN MAN has so often condemned humbug and cant that I think an experience of my own in this connection might possibly be interesting.

In our town there are a number of us who go in for most sports and generally have a pretty decent time. We are not slackers or anything of that sort, but we see more fun in having a bit of sport than in just loafing around the house.

We are all keen on THE MODERN MAN, and one day I happened to be reading it in the office when another clerk came along and had a look at it over my shoulder.

I told him what I thought about the paper, and my recommendation and the glance he had was enough to make him buy it. For a week or two he was a regular reader, but one day when I asked him for his opinion of a certain article he told me that he had dropped taking the paper in.

"I don't like some of the items they have in 'Cheek,'" he said, "and I have even seen the word 'damn' in the paper more than once. That sort of thing isn't right and shouldn't be encouraged."

I was a bit surprised on hearing this, for I have always held that in the "Cheek" paragraphs you give what George Robey would call "fun without filth." As for making some of the characters in the stories use an occasional cuss word, I regard that rather as a recommendation than otherwise, for it shows that the writers make their characters



speak as men actually do speak, and not, perhaps, as they ought to speak.

I did not try to persuade this lost reader to return to the fold, for somehow he did not seem to be quite the sort of chap we want.

The interesting part came last.

It was about a month after that the rumour went round the office that our goody-good friend had been sacked. It does not matter what it was for, but his offence was one that none of us others, who are not so strait-laced, would have cared to be even *thought* guilty of.

I think this is an interesting case, as showing up the hollowness of the goody-good type of man, but probably you know of other cases like it.

TOWN v. COUNTRY.

If a man desires work in the country let him stick to his own trade. There are vacancies to be found in almost any line. But he must remember that hours are longer and work harder in the country than in towns, for there are very few departmental hands employed.

A baker must be both dough hand and roundsman, and often his own ostler and stable hand.

Grocers' assistants must weigh tea and sugar and mix paint, and know pills and butter.

In all trades alike it is the same. But the advantages are many, although the money is small. You can have your slack time, for a master will give time to his men more readily in the country for sports, and, in fact, will encourage his assistants.

You have a range of customers to pick your friends from. A local keeper will stretch a point for you. A farmer will give you many opportunities of enjoying his estate, and many will be glad of your companionship if you have entire absence of swank.

You are not tied as to your dress. I have in mind a large grocer's shop where all the assistants wear breeches and leggings. They can all drive and ride, and are ready at any time for a ten-mile journey on their own. They can buy, too, if they like—eggs, chickens, and so on—and they get a good commission if they spot a good pig or hog for shop use. And I have found it so in many places, with various trades.

I myself am a tailor's and outfitter's assistant, and this season I have had three nights up with keepers and two days' rabbit-shooting with farmers, and I have been all over the country for miles

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Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. E. SCOTCHISON, Clowelly, Lansdowne Road, Gold Hill, Bucks, for "Town v. Country."

round. I have some sort of acquaintance with all and sundry throughout this part of the county.

If you are interested in politics, you can join the local clubs and attend their various meetings on communicating with the agent of the district.

It is rare if there is not a good rifle range or cycle club available.

Newspapers are handy nowadays to keep you in touch with the outer world, and letters are delivered promptly.

Then, again, there is the local band. If you can blow anything from a tin whistle to a trombone they will have you.

I could fill pages with similar advantages of the country, but none will be of use to the man who cannot find his own company.

An instance of this has occurred here this summer. An apprentice has been in this village for two years, and has not one chum. He is a Mr. Knowall, and is called "Cocky."

But in spite of all this, if you have a job, stop in town with it.

THE PLEASURES OF CURLING.

There is a good deal of both fun and exercise to be got out of a game of curling, though perhaps it takes a Northerner to appreciate the game fully.

It is, of course, played on the ice, the part used being called the rink.

At each end are "tees," and there are several circles drawn round each tee.

The curling stones are round, and when they are thrown, the player should be careful to bring his stone well over the tee.

The captains on each side are known as skippers. Curling players usually wear cramps on their feet, as there is always danger of slipping in delivery.

Curling really needs more science than strength, and an accurate eye and aim are essential. The game generally consists of four players a side.

When a game is played during a snowstorm, or when the wind drifts snow already fallen, the rink must be swept, and all players are obliged to add a broom or besom to the outfit of the curler, but the skipper on all ordinary occasions directs the sweeping.

Any number of shots may be made in a game, but they seldom exceed twenty-one.

WALKING A HORSE.

In holding a horse it is best to catch the reins at each side short under the jaw, so that he cannot bite you even if he wants to; this applies in every case, no matter whether the horse has a snaffle or a double bridle on.

In the latter case you bunch the four reins together, and have, of course, a grip upon him that he cannot readily free himself from.

It is another matter, however, if you happen to be walking a horse—that is to say, walking by the side of him as you may have to do in taking him for very short exercise or to be shod.

You may walk a horse with an ordinary halter and headstall rope, but this is very unsatisfactory if the horse is nervous or excitable. It is better to put a bridle on him.

When walking a horse for any distance it is better to use a single snaffle bridle than a double one. Unbuckle the reins at the hand part, and pass the off-side rein through the near-side ring of the snaffle.

If necessary, you can exert in this way a power on the horse's jaw, equal to that of a curb chain, but at the same time it allows him more freedom than holding the reins in any other style, for he has them both in one hand, and there is no chance of them slipping up his neck and over his head as he bobs about.

This plan also allows you to walk a good way away from the horse, and so prevents the chance of his treading on your feet.

By E. WADE LANG.

A NEW SERIES OF
DRAMATIC COMPLETE
STORIES.

[I have pleasure in presenting for your perusal the first of a new series of complete short stories. They will, I trust, prove as attractive to you as have those which I have printed under the title of "Richard Selby, Englishman," which series terminates in this number.—EDITOR.]

I.—AN INVITATION TO PLAY.

That night there was a dense fog in London. I am unlikely to forget it, because in the main it was responsible for what afterwards happened. Looking back over the events that have transpired since, I am inclined to think that Destiny was playing one of her pranks with me that night.

She had brought me to the last pitch of human endurance, she allowed me to look for an instant into the black abyss of despair, and then, hey presto! a wave of her wand, and the vista changed to one of bright and alluring promise.

I can see now that it was only a prank. The promised land was nothing like so dazzling on a nearer acquaintance, and, had I paused to think, instead of rushing into it so eagerly, it is possible that I might have turned away in time.

Yet I cannot say that I altogether regret my impetuosity. True, it transformed me from an honest man into a rogue, but the Burkes have always been a harum-scarum lot, and it takes all sorts to make a world. At least it is something to have had for friend the most audacious knave in Europe.

Leicester Square was a pit of yellow mist filled with the hoots of motor-horns, shrill whistlings, and a moving crowd of ghost-like shapes when I left it and started to walk along Piccadilly. I had nowhere to go, but it was better to keep moving than to stand still.

The thin slime underfoot struck cold through the sodden soles of my boots; my clothes were no protection against the raw, damp air; I was hungry, penniless, desperate. The whole world seemed against me, and a sullen rage against all the world was slumbering in my soul.

I remember as I passed the Eldi Club, that club of which I had once been an honoured member, and thought of the warmth and luxury behind its lighted windows, I shook my fist in a fury of impotence.

For an hour or more I wandered on, careless of where I went or what I did. The fog grew thicker. Street lamps were invisible except at close quarters, and even then a dim blur was all that came from them. Vehicular traffic had ceased. People that had homes had gone into humanity, were left to wander about, like outcasts, in smoky darkness.

And in the end I found I was hopelessly lost. It may sound strange, but the reality of this broke down my last remnant of endurance.

The fact of being lost should not have made much difference. It was not a matter of the slightest moment whether I was in one part of London or another.

There was only one spot where I emphatically did not want to be. I had already spent one night on the Embankment.

But break down my endurance it did. I gave a cry like a wounded animal and started to run, to run blindly through the fog. A violent collision with some iron railings brought me to a stop, and I clung to them, as though they represented my only hold on salvation, shivering and sobbing like a woman in hysterics.

It was while I was playing the fool in this manner that a door opened a few paces away and a man and a woman in evening dress appeared in the light of the doorway. The man was evidently taking his leave, for he had on an opera hat and a thick coat with a fur collar.

"No use attempting to get a cab in this," I heard him say. "I must walk."

I caught the gleam of a diamond stud in his shirt-front as he buttoned up his coat. Gems, too, sparkled on the woman's throat and in her hair, and from their manner and voices they were clearly people of quality.

"Turn your collar up," she called, as he began to descend the broad steps.

"All right, thanks. Good night."

"Good night."

I had already started to walk away, letting my hand run along the railings in order to keep me to the pavement, but his footsteps sounded behind me. Something leaped fiercely within my breast.

To this day I cannot recall that any definite intention had formed in my mind, but as he drew near I stepped right in front of him, barring his further progress.

"Half a minute!" I said.

He did not move, and I could only dimly see his face.

"You're a gentleman," said I, and my voice sounded thick.

"Well?"

"You have been dining with people of your own class."

"Well?"

"I belong to that class," said I, and all at once I knew what I had determined to do.

"Proceed," said he.

"Because of that," I went on, "I cannot attack a man without giving him warning."

"Why should you want to attack me?" he asked.

"There is a diamond stud in your shirt-front to which I have taken a fancy," I answered, and as I don't expect you will make me a present of it I am going to try to get it."

And with that I threw myself upon him.

Normally, I am a man of powerful physique, and, though that night I was weak from want of food, desperation lent me strength. In spite of this, it took me just about ten seconds to discover that the diamond stud would go home in the possession of its rightful owner.

For the moment, hampered by his coat, the other could not get to work, and I had got my fingers inside his collar before he became effective.

Then hands of steel caught my wrists and forced them down, and a dexterous twist sent me back with a pair of painful arms.

All my old love of a fight raced through me then, and I went at him again, hearing myself laugh.

He did not dispose of me so easily this time, for I wound one arm round his back under his coat and got a grip of his braces.

He bent forward to prevent a throw, keeping his legs clear of mine, and I could not straighten him. Then I realised that he was calmly unbuttoning his gloves over my back.

I loosed a hand and sent my fist up towards his chin, and missed. Then we got to wrestling again.

I had forgotten all about the stud by now.

More than once my ears buzzed with stinging blows, but I kept my face well into his chest, striving only for a fall.

And as I strained he hummed, hummed the lilt of a song which worked its way into my brain



and told it that I had heard the song before and under similar conditions. There was only one other man on earth who knew that song, and only one who could sing in a fight.

"Ferris!" I cried, ceasing to struggle, and getting the nastiest half-arm punch in consequence. "Ferris, by all the saints!"

He loosed me at once.

"Who the devil are you?" he said. But I paid no heed. I was in a fever of amazement.

"Ferris!" I repeated again. "Monty Ferris of Hardingford!" And then, using the old war-cry of the school—"Hardingford for ever!"

"Hardingford for ever!" echoed Ferris, mechanically.

Then he struck a match and held it close to my face.

"Burke," he said instantly, though I had not seen him for twelve years.

And with the word the shame of my condition went over me like a flood.

"Burke," he said softly. "Dear old Burke!"

And suddenly he cast the match away, and his hand found mine.

"You must come along to my rooms," he said, after an interval. "We must have a talk about this."

I began an excuse, but his hand fell on my shoulder, and his voice came winning and masterful, as it used to do.

"No nonsense, old chap," he said, taking my arm.

I remember how unerringly he led me along despite the dense fog, and that we were both silent until we turned into a courtyard and passed through swing-doors into a dimly-lit hall.

"Radnor Mansions," said Ferris. "We shall have to walk up, because our friend the liftman has gone to bed."

And, again ignoring my attempted protest, he took me up two flights of carpeted stairs, through a door which he opened with a Yale key, and down a passage into a sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning.

II.

Our doings for the next half-hour need not be related at length. It was Ferris who ordered, and I who submissively obeyed. When he chose, he was without exception the most irresistible man I have ever met.

"Here is my bedroom," said he, proceeding to it with me on his heels. "That's the dressing-room beyond. I'll just turn on the water. You will feel all the better for a bath and a change."

He came back, and walked rapidly about his room, still in his coat and opera-hat, opening drawers and flinging clothes of all descriptions on the bed until there was a great heap. Not once did his eye light on me to note my unsightly exterior, and I could have died for him for it.

"There you are, old chap," said he. "You will find something there to suit you. Make your choice."

And he went out, and presently I heard the tinkling of china and cutlery.

"Found the shaving-tackle?" he called once. "It's in the dressing-room."

"All right," I answered.

A warm sense of comfort had stolen over me. It seemed the most ordinary thing imaginable that I should be dressing in the cool, clean clothes of a man who had been a stranger to me since my schooldays. I cannot explain it. It was Ferris's way.

When I entered the sitting-room again, spruce from head to toe, Ferris was buried in the depths of a saddle-bag chair, his chin in his hand, staring into the fire.

He sent me a glance and a welcoming smile, and waved to a seat at the table.

"Tuck in, old chap," said he. "There's nothing sumptuous, but you'll find the Moselle tolerable, or there's whisky-and-soda if you prefer it. We can talk as you eat. I can't join you, because the recollection of dinner is rather acute with me."

He was still the same, except that he was a man now instead of a youth. The spare and supple figure was there, the same compact head,



with its crown of black curly hair, the same warm pallor of the face. Humour still lurked in the corners of his mouth, and the steel-grey eyes were indolent as ever.

"You see, my tastes are rather Bohemian," he went on. "I keep no servants. The staff on the premises look after my wants. It suits me better in many ways."

He chatted idly till I had finished, passed me his cigarette-case, and then for a space we smoked in silence.

"I'm going to ask a few questions," said he at length. "You won't mind?"

"Not I," I answered.

"Married?"

"No."

"Any thoughts of being?"

My laugh answered him. Broken men give up those ideas, even if they have them.

"Your family?"

"Disowned me five years ago."

"But you had money of your own, hadn't you?"

"And lost it."

His eyebrows arched a little.

"Gambling," I said without hesitation. "Then Cape Colony, then the war, then England again. After that Sarawak, Australia, the States. Then farming in British Columbia, a store-keeper in Mexico, baggage-man to a theatrical company in the Argentine, stoker, tram-driver, and lastly"—my voice did not falter—"hooligan."

"A nomad in truth," quoth Ferris, watching me with twinkling eyes.

"That's the lot," I said.

"How long have you been in England?"

"Three weeks. I worked my passage from Buenos Aires, thinking it could not be worse here than there. I've changed my opinion since."

"What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"There's no to-morrow," I said.

"A neat philosophy," remarked Ferris. "Your character, my dear Burke, unfolds before me like a flower. Tell me how often have you played that trick you tried with me to-night?"

He asked the question idly, and he was smiling.

"Never," I declared. "You won't believe me; but it's true. I've done a good many things, but never highway robbery until then."

"My dear boy," said Ferris, "I do believe you. Your inartistic introduction betrayed your inexperience."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Simply that you were kind enough to tell me your intentions in advance."

"Oh, that!" said I.

Ferris stood up laughing.

"It was delicious," he said. "Have I marked you? Let's have a look." He pushed my head from side to side, and then patted it. "No splinters, anyway," he said.

"I wish I had managed to mark you," I returned. "I've owed you a drubbing for many a year."

"Ah, we fought once before, didn't we? You were a fiery young Irishman then. I can't see that you have altered much."

Something curiously reflective had crept into Ferris's tone. His eyes, cold and blue, probed mine and seemed to search and sound my very depths.

"Always the spitfire," he continued softly, "but steel-true. Never blabbed—and never flinched."

He began to pace up and down the room, moving with noiseless tread backwards and forwards, his head bowed. Once he paused at my chair as if about to speak, and then, thinking better of it, felt to pacing again. And once he chuckled.

The minute-hand of the clock had completed half a circuit ere he stopped, and leaning against the mantel, he looked down at me with half-shut eyes.

"Burke," said he, "there's a streak of fatalism in me. I've a fancy that you and I were destined to come together to-night. You're a man without ties. You're probably in the mood for anything.

You're a gambler. And, if I read you aright, your nerve is excellent."

"Go on," said I, wondering what

he was driving at, and what was the meaning of the lurking smile at the corners of his mouth.

"I've been wanting to meet a man of that calibre for a long time, Burke. A man who can be daring, resourceful, unflinching. A man who would place his all on the table of life, with the devil for croupier, and play for it with a laugh on his lips. Are you like that, Burke?"

"Perhaps," said I, and my blood was tingling.

"You understand what a man's all is? Life and hope and freedom. And honour, Burke. They are worth a price, you know."

"The market for mine has been a bit depressed lately," said I, cynically.

Ferris bent down, and the magnetism of his eyes held me.

"Would you stake them all in a great and glorious game—with me?"

"Like a shot," said I.

He stood upright, chuckling.

"I don't believe you," said he.

"Try me," said I, on my feet in a moment.

"You would repent."

"I shouldn't."

"You would stop short at 'honour.'"

"Why should I?"

"You don't know what the game is," he smiled.

"And I don't care."

He regarded me covertly, a very demon of mirth dancing in his eye.

"The game," he said deliberately, "is crime."

"Crime!" I echoed, suspecting him to be chaffing me.

"The very word, my dear Burke. Crime—for the fun of the thing. And you may take my assurance there is no game like it in the whole of this tame existence."

"You! But you must be joking—or mad."

"Never saner, old chap."

"But you don't mean to say that it is your occupation?"

"My recreation," he corrected. "Officially, I am the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., second son of the Earl of Portington—as no doubt you know."

"I didn't know you were an M.P."

"Then alas! for your ignorance of important events! But you have been out of Europe. That explains it. Yes, my boy, I am the most impudent member in the House, I am detested by my enemies and the despair of my friends. I am, in a word, famous." He lit another cigarette. "And even that, my incredulous Irishman, is stale, flat, and altogether unprofitable."

"But you surely cannot need money," I persisted, still unable to take him seriously.

He waved the suggestion away.

"Surely," said he, "a man may indulge a hobby without the hope of sordid gain. Crime, I may tell you, Burke, is among the least remunerative of the professions. For a worthless individual like myself it has the saving grace of novelty. That is all there is to be said about it."

"Ah, you mean," said I, with a flash of intuition, "you mean taking from the rich to give to the poor—a sort of philanthropic lawlessness."

"Philanthropic fiddlesticks," said Ferris. "You don't imagine I should soothe my degenerate instincts with a balm of that description. I am not a humbug, my dear Burke. I play for stakes, and I take what I win."

He sank into the chair opposite.

"You see my supreme advantages," he continued, lazily. "I am as much beyond suspicion

as Caesar's wife. I have the entrée to the best and, I rejoice to add, the wealthiest society. I am continually before the public eye as a sort of political mountebank. I am, in fact, a notorious jackass.

"Hence I can ply my nefarious trade—I believe that is the correct term—with impunity, and among all the innocents of the nation none are deemed so innocent as I. The conditions are ideal."

"Only one thing is lacking, a partner. It is not, I regret to say, a one-man performance. Single-handed, one's sphere of action is lamentably curtailed. With two I am fairly confident that we could stagger Europe. I have plans—but they need not be discussed now."

"What do you say, Burke? Don't let me influence you against your will. I trust you to say nothing, but, even if you do, nobody will believe you. It's a game I offer, a splendid, thrilling game, with all the odds on the bank. For you there will be half-shares in everything—risk, and fun, and swag."

"Take another glass of wine and a cigarette, and think it over for as long as you like. There is another bedroom along the passage. You will, of course, allow me to put you up for the night?"

The outrageous cleverness of the man! He had put the matter to me half-ironically, half-earnestly, so that I might disbelieve it if I liked and go my way.

I thought of the fog outside, of my recent desperation. Had he chosen, he could have given me in charge for attempted robbery with violence, but he had said no word about it, and I felt that it had not even occurred to him. He had driven all my misery away with that winning, irresistible manner of his, and with it all he wanted my help. I am quick to decide and slow to regret.

"One question," I said, "and you need not answer if you don't choose. What previous experience have you had?"

"The Appborough diamonds," said Ferris promptly. No doubt he had read my decision in my face.

I shook my head. I had never heard of them.

"The Ascot Gold Cup."

I jumped up.

"You did that!" I exclaimed.

"Even I," said Ferris, calmly, "under the very eyes of the myrmidons of the law and in broad daylight. You shall hear the story some day. It was my first venture in sensational crime, and I believe it was that which gave me the appetite."

He rose slowly to his feet, and came across and put his two hands on my shoulders.

"If you have one qualm," he said quietly, "don't do it."

We stared long and intently at one another, and I saw nothing but two points of light like twin stars.

"I'm with you," said I.

"Through thick and thin?" said Ferris.

"Through thick and thin," said I.

Our hands locked for a moment. Then he turned to the table and filled two glasses with wine.

"To the honour of thieves!" he toasted, his eyes twinkling. And we drank to it.

"The one essential point now," said he, after a sigh, "is your official standing. Kindly understand that you are appointed secretary to the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., at a salary of three hundred pounds a year, with embellishments, and that you will occupy a flat in the same mansions as that honourable gentleman for the convenience of your professional duties."

"And by the way," he added, "how did you come to recognise me in the fog?"

"By the air you were humming. It was one of those you used to compose at school and whistle over to me in secret and alone."

"To which you provided the words—with results that were scandalous. I remember." He laughed, then became grave. "Already I am very much obliged to you, Burke," he said. "That little habit might have had awkward consequences some day."

"And now, old chap, you must get to bed."

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—Ed.]

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF OUR LEAGUE?

It is worth your while to join. For full particulars see page 29.



SOME AMUSING TRICKS

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT
OF YOUR FRIENDS AT THE
CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Wrap an apple in a handkerchief and suspend the latter by means of a cord to the roof. If you take a sharp knife and make a straight upward cut you can cut the apple in two without doing the slightest injury to the handkerchief. The fabric passes through the edge of the knife without touching the apple.

Similarly if you wrap a ball of twine such as a door-knob in a handkerchief and hold it in a gas flame—above an incandescent burner, for instance—you may heat it till it is nearly red-hot without scorching the handkerchief.

The amusement here is caused by inviting the spectators to lift the knob when you have unfolded the handkerchief. They suppose that what would not scorch the cloth cannot burn them, but they learn their mistake.

The explanation is that the heat of the flame is immediately taken up by the metal. If you held a handkerchief above the flame without any metal behind it it would, of course, burn at once.

Various amusing tricks can be done with a magic egg, which is manufactured in the following way. Bore a small hole at each end of the egg and blow out the contents. Then cover one hole with a small piece of white paper, carefully gummed down; insert sufficient fine silver sand to fill a quarter of the egg, and cover up the other hole.

You may now balance the egg on the edge of a knife if you like, for the sand acts as ballast, and this enables the egg to maintain its equilibrium in the most astonishing positions.

To secure the best effect, you should obtain a real egg exactly the same size and colour as your counterfeit. The real one is shown to the audience, and by a little manipulation it can be replaced by the make-believe.

When you have finished the trick conceal the egg, and, producing the real one, let it fall and break, thus showing that "there is no deception!"

To one who has never actually made the experiment it seems impossible to make a needle float on water, but this is extremely simple if the needle is gently laid upon the surface of the water flatwise. The explanation is that the needle is supported by the surface tension of the water, which will not serve, of course, if you drop in the needle by the point roughly.

A new-laid hen's egg is so remarkably strong that it is almost impossible to break it between the palms of the hands if the fingers are locked together.

The humour of this trick—if it can be called humour—is to teach it to somebody and convince him that the statement here made is absolutely true. He may then be induced to demonstrate the experiment to someone else, and an egg of the most ancient character may be substituted for the fresh one.

Full of confidence from his previous efforts that the egg cannot be broken, he crushes it between his hands with great force. The strength of an over-mature egg, however, is extremely limited,



and it inevitably yields to the pressure with an alarming report which greatly upsets the amateur magician.

A boiled and peeled egg may be passed through the narrow neck of a water-bottle without being broken or losing its shape.

Into the empty bottle put a scrap of burning paper, and immediately place the egg point downwards on the mouth. The burning of the paper creates a slight vacuum, and the egg is sucked down the neck of the bottle, being squeezed in the process, but regaining its shape when it enters the bottle itself. There is no known method of

bringing the egg out again without cutting it to pieces.

The conjurer's favourite trick of making an omelette in a hat is extremely simple to reproduce.

Have an omelette already cooked, and place it in the crown of a hat. You then produce a number of eggs—which you have previously blown—and break them into the hat. The hat must be placed so high while you are breaking the eggs, and the eggs themselves kept so close down to it that the audience does not perceive that they have no contents.

While you are doing this drop on the table, as if by accident, an egg which has not been blown. When the audience observes the mess it makes they will naturally suppose that the other eggs are also full.

After holding the hat above a candle flame for a time you pull out the omelette and hand it round for inspection.

An extremely amusing deception is the following. Turn up your sleeves, to show that there is no possibility of utilising them for concealment, strike a match, and burn a small scrap of paper. Rub the ashes so produced between your fingers, and they appear mysteriously to turn into a silk handkerchief.

This is how it is done: The matchbox which you use is lying on the table half-open. In the unoccupied part of its outer case you have already folded up into small compass a silk handkerchief. After you have struck a match you close the box, thus pressing the handkerchief into the palm of your left hand. The rest is easy.

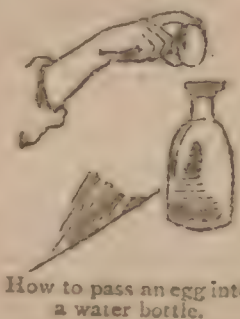
To mystify your friends by apparently swallowing a lighted candle is simple.

Cut a piece of apple into the shape of a candle, and place at one end a small piece of walnut; set this alight for a moment, and it will become black, and exactly resemble the wick of an ordinary candle.

When you are ready to exhibit the trick, produce this stub of candle, set the piece of nut alight, and put it in your mouth.

Your breath will immediately extinguish the small flame, and you may then chew and swallow the piece of apple, to the mingled astonishment and disgust of your audience.

For the successful performance of all tricks, considerable practice is needed; and you should never try one in public till you can do it easily and with certainty of success.



How to pass an egg into a water bottle.



Swallowing a lighted candle.

HOW I FIND SPORT.

SOME TIPS FOR THE TOWNSMAN.

The often unanswerable question: Where shall I go? presents itself to us daily almost, and certainly at half the week-ends throughout the year.

Few men can make it their business to go about discovering places worth going to. For most of us time is too short to allow of such a comprehensive and delightful occupation. So we are thrown back, during our odd days of holiday, upon the one or two possible places we know from past, and often long past, experiences.

We are thus unable to do what I have often seen advocated in *THE MODERN MAN*—namely, break new ground, seek out new experiences, and rub shoulders with new acquaintances and strangers.

It was, I imagine, a man in some such plight as this who wrote recently in these columns on the difficulty of finding new and suitable farms and sporting grounds and places where a free and easy and natural and healthy country life may be enjoyed during short holidays. The article voiced a long-felt want, and a demand that thousands of modern men must have made from time to time without being able to find any satisfactory answer.

But I have a plan which should go a long way to satisfy this demand, for the average man. It has worked admirably in my case, and I am an average man. Moreover, it has been a source of much interest to me in carrying it out, quite apart from the pleasure I have derived as a result of its working.

At present the principal means of finding out the good places is through the advertisement columns of the newspapers, both daily and weekly. Until ideal conditions of organisation are adopted the newspapers will continue to be the chief medium.

Now I never take up a newspaper of any kind without glancing at the advertisements under "Country Apartments" and similar headings just on the off chance that there will be something there that takes my fancy and looks promising from a sporting point of view.

Whenever I find anything that seems a good thing, I make a note of what is offered and I write a letter to the people. I do not tell them that I am coming, but I simply say that I am on the look-out for the sort of place that they are advertising, and I ask them to send me fullest details of all the possibilities for enjoyment, especially in the sporting line, that their place offers.

In almost every case I receive in the course of a few posts a full description. I learn what chance there is of a little rough shooting, or of an occasional ride, or of fishing, and every other sport I am interested in.

Not infrequently these letters are of such a hearty description and so genuinely disinterested that I am sorely tempted to start there and then, but this is seldom possible.

Having got my reply I carefully file or rather re-write in a book specially kept for the purpose, all details of each place. Many a time photographs of the farm or cottage will be enclosed, and these I paste in alongside the details.

By keeping my eyes open and taking this little trouble, I have been able to collect notes of a large number of farms, country cottages, and other "very desirable residences" for the keen sportsman in my book.

Now when the wander-lust seizes me, or when the streamside calls, when I yearn for a breath of the sea gale on the cliffs, or want to hide in some unknown farm where I can potter around with a gun, I turn up my book and choose from over a hundred places the one I shall patronise. A telegram, or, if time permits, a letter, making sure of a bed and a welcome, suffices, and off I go to many and many a place undreamed of in the philosophy of the townsman who has not struck the right spot.

R. WORTHINGTON.



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XLII.—THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Allo! Wot are you goin' to 'ev for your Christmas dinner, 'Arry?"

The question is echoed with variations all over the East-End when the morn of the 25th has passed the breakfast stage. The question is permissible East of Aldgate unto the borders of Leytonstone.

Beyond that, where respectability, combined with a reliable weekly salary, commences, sufficient unto the day is the savoury reek thereof, and no man mentions St. Turkey unless he happens to have won a bird (of exaggerated weight) in a raffle at the quasi-exclusive hotel smoke-room. (One must not say "pub.")

"Wot am I goin' to 'ev for me Christmas dinner? Don't ask me. Ask 'er. My rhino's on plum puddin' every time, mate, and I'll back Su's cookin' against the Boro' o' Stepney—when there's anyfink to cook. Want to wish me a Merry Christmas in the usual w'y? Righto! Come a'ng. You're alw'ys near a pub. in Shoreditch!"

'Arry of that salubrious district, who is "Harold" only on Sundays and Christmas Days, is a man who has many varied recollections of the Yuletide feast. He has done himself equally as "prahd" on occasion on a fragrant kipper of the sort which has never seen Yarmouth, but comes direct from Norway in the herring state, and is badly smoked on arrival somewhere south of Wapping.

ENGLISH.

The Englishman all over the world demands a Christmas dinner of sorts—any sort so long as it is a Christmas dinner. The date supplies the qualification, and un-English is the man who carries a worn pocket calendar which has not the savoury 25th marked—either metaphorically or literally—in red ink.

He may spend it beneath the tropical sun, in the desert, or in the fair lands of the South.

He will raise what serves for a glass to the "old folks at home," and wish them "A Merry Christmas," there in the Old Country.

Perhaps they are wondering where the wanderer is eating his Yuletide fare. And the wanderer (one leaves home for many reasons—some not worth mentioning, really, when a man is trying to "live it down") may wish the past back again.

MEMORIES.

"A Merry Christmas!" There are memories in the well-worn phrase, memories of it in the shrill-pitched treble of younger brothers (men grown now, surely), the gruff, kindly manner of the old Dad who had slipped a shining new half-crown piece into a boyish hand; tender thoughts of a softer tone than them all, bright eyes, a laughing nile, and then—Well, what matter? Such things do not count in the desert, a man must tell himself.

The wanderer, perhaps, can see her, but it is in the unsatisfactory setting of the house of the lucky beggar who could settle down to the life at home.

Ay, raise the tin cup! "A Merry Christmas, old sweetheart, and a Happy New Year to you, and—it's hard to say it—and yours!"

Thus it is the lucky beggar who drinks to the dregs the cheering cup of Yuletide happiness. For him the old order changeth not. He asks for nothing new at Christmas. Only the old style is required. Give him snow and plenty of it, and—no matter the price of coal in these prosaic days



—heap it on, and poke the fire into a roaring blaze, so that the Christmas fare may be ushered in and awarded all honour!

This is the mandate of the lucky beggar, and there are various grades of him in the Old Country.

You see him at the head of the table. This lucky beggar lives in the country, and logs are heaped on the old hearth in the long draughty room where one is scorched on one side and frozen on the other.

The bachelor Curate of the little church away on the hill says grace. The lucky beggar fidgets rather during the ceremony, and, unlike his wife, feels that the

Rector's assistant is too fond of talking shop.

Then there is a musical sharpening of the carving knife on the ringing steel, and it flashes delightfully in the sparkling eyes of the lucky beggar's grandchildren.

AMIDST HIS FAMILY.

Now it is a solemn ceremony—far beyond the Curate's grace, alas! No one speaks, not even the sons of the lucky beggar gathered from the ends of all Great Britain.

One farms in a distant county. His hands are big, red, and rough. He is the eldest, and "the son of his father," as the saying goes. One day he will hold a precisely similar position at the head of his own Christmas dinner-table, when there are no Old People and the property has been sold for probate.

Another seems rather pedantic about the set of his tie, and one catches an occasional twang in his speech which shows that the metropolis, and several years' association therewith, has left its mark upon this provincial.

He talks of the gay show in the great shops of marvellous automatic Father Christmases who hand presents to little children by favour of the grown-ups who put money in the slot situated in the region of the venerable gentleman's chest.

His story is strengthened by triumphs of the toymakers' art that he has brought all the way from London for his nephews—mechanical delights that the aforesaid nephews left only because the savoury smell of the Christmas dinner called to them to desist from foolery and take to the more serious business marked out for all good grandchildren of lucky beggars on December the 25th. A favourite uncle this, although he objects to sticky hands upon his coat.

WHAT WE ALL FEEL.

Next him is the best-hearted of all—the man in the Army—who preferred the rollicking life of a cavalry regiment to the desk or the farm.

He will be in favour when the plum pudding, bedecked with holly, has been superseded by the charms of port wine and walnuts. He has many stories to tell, stories of the veldt, weird tales of India, and little informal Christmases spent South of Cairo, where all was sand and no snow.

He knows all his brothers better than any, knows how to keep up the spirits of the family, knows how to gauge the extent of the Old Man's temper, because he has been all over the world and can weigh up a man's "form" instinctively.

It is he who puts life into the after-dinner toasts. Raising his glass, he echoes the sentiment we must all feel this Yuletide,

"A Merry Christmas to those at Home and Ours across the Seas!"

PETER GILCHRIST.

FOR EVERY SPORTSMAN'S DEN.

At the request of many readers we have had prepared a limited number reproductions of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous poster, printed on the finest art paper.



The size of these reproductions is 25½ inches in height by 19½ inches in width.

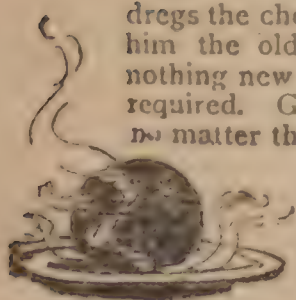
They are beautifully finished, and are eminently suitable for framing. In fact, they cannot be distinguished from the original picture which hangs above the Editor's mantelpiece.

There is not a word of advertising or printed matter of any kind upon them.

We give on this page a small reproduction of the picture.

The number printed is strictly limited, and early application will be necessary to avoid disappointment. The price is 1/-, post free. The pictures will be sent out in cardboard tubes to prevent creasing.

All applications must be addressed to the Art Department, "The Modern Man" Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



WHEN THE ICE BEGINS TO THICKEN

"Will it last?" is the one anxiety, half fear, half hope, of every skater when the frost first shows signs of staying more than the three days which are said to be the invariable forerunners of rain in our fickle climate.

The question is one that every ardent skater asks himself every half-hour or so as he watches the sky for any sign of change for the better or the worse in the aspect of the heavens. He wanders to and fro between the house and the garden, giving a look each time at the thermometer to see that there is no softening rise in the temperature.

He taps the barometer with almost a dread in his heart that the long thin pointer may show ever such a slight tendency to jerk towards that quarter of the face that means certain thaw with rain and wind.

LOOKING FORWARD.

But this time he really seems to be about to realize the hopes of many winters, and to enjoy his beloved pastime if only for a day, and, possibly, a night, for night skating with a good moon—and a better companion—is a rare and exquisite delight.

The frost has run into the fourth day, and each night the cold has been keener, the skies more pitilessly frigid and glittering.

It is time to think seriously of business, and with beating pulses the skater overhauls the keen edges, adjusts the clasps and screws and fastens of the skates to the boots.

Where the ankle plays so important a part it is necessary to select a stout pair of boots, with fairly thick soles, and with strong leather uppers that can be drawn close and tightly to the leg, giving that feeling of bracing support and rigidity without hindering the circulation of the blood—a vital matter when the blood needs every aid to circulation.

AT LAST!

He slings the fitted skates and boots over his shoulder and turns out, fully equipped to face the steady searching arrows of the north-east wind that has made the very soil curl up with its bitter, withering breath.

Short woolly double-breasted reefer, roomy breeches, socks as thick as hands can knit them, a close-fitting cap (with ear flaps in case at first the frost gets the better of the extremities), leather leggings, and boots that can defy the frost rime and snow—this is the skater's dress as he turns out after a hearty breakfast and a brief pipe before the bright log fire.

He leaves his smoking outfit at home, for in such an air the pipe is a danger. To open the mouth even for the occasional entrance and exit of the pipe is to run the risk of chilled teeth and the tortures of neuralgia, even with the strongest and most robust.

It may be that luck will go with him and that he will find on a near sheet of water that all is well and that he can skate the hours away in complete contentment.

HUNTING FOR ICE.

But it may also happen that he is a day or so too soon for safe and pleasant skating, and so he is quite prepared to make the morning one of inspection and testing.

It is strange how variously the frost affects different sheets of water. Little differences of position and aspect, the nearness to trees and other circumstances all go to help or retard the freezing process.

And so it happens that an open field "flash" left by the recent floods is frozen firm right through, while the great pond where the carp and roach are caught in other seasons has barely an inch and a half of icy covering, and wheezes and cracks ominously as the skater puts a careful experimental foot down upon it, careful not to lose his other foothold on firm ground.



The news that the ice is at or near skating thickness seems to spread through the wide district by magic, and in the course of the morning's walk other men are found in pursuit of the ice that bears.

It is a brisk and vigorous company that tramps from pond to pond seeking the best skating surface and making plans for swift games of hockey on the ice should the frost continue.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

But to-day luck does not favour them, and it is deemed wiser to indulge in a good old-fashioned round of sliding, one after another in a ceaseless and merry string, rather than to risk an almost certain wetting.

And a wetting in such a wind and four or five miles from home is no joke. The water freezes round the flesh and encases it in what feels like cold iron.

And at last when the blood is coursing through their veins, and a fierce joy is felt in fighting the bitter air, a toast is drunk in the glowing little parlour of the inn to the health and long life of King Frost.

R. T. WALTON.

THEATRICAL SURPRISES.

Anything approaching an uproar in a theatre is sternly to be discouraged at its outset, for it may quickly lead to a panic and tremendous loss of life.

The police are generally the first to back up the management in the suppression of any disturbance, but in the case of the Queen's Theatre in Glasgow a couple of years ago they reversed the usual procedure.

Boxing contests had formed a popular part of the entertainment at this music-hall, but they had not been approved by the local authorities, who ordered them to be stopped.

Consequently the theatrical licence was withdrawn, but the following Monday, in spite of this, the hall opened its doors as usual.

The authorities waited till the show was in full swing. Then the deputy chief constable walked on the stage and announced that he had a warrant to clear the theatre, and that every person present was liable to a fine of £2.

Then the first symptoms of a panic began to appear, the people clamouring for a return of their money. It was only by the exercise of the utmost tact, and that on the part of the management and not of the police, that a disastrous uproar was avoided.

Drury Lane has always been famous for the elaborate manner in which its plays are set. When "The Best of Friends" was produced there, a farmhouse had to be blown up, and an imitation shell was fired with a small charge of gunpowder from a mortar.

One night, however, the mortar itself exploded, and the pieces flew all over the stage, but fortunately not amongst the audience.

HARNESS BUYING.

WHAT TO GET AND WHAT TO PAY FOR IT.

The first and most important thing for the prospective buyer of saddlery is to go to a respectable saddler's shop and not to an auction room or warehouse.

At auction marts only shoddy articles made up specially for the occasion are sold, and no guarantee is given with them. If anything goes wrong, and it generally does before you have had them many weeks, you cannot go to the auctioneer and give him a piece of your mind as you can to a saddler.

Now, at a warehouse where harness is sold you will find it has not been made on the premises. It is made in a factory, and you do not get as good an article as that which is made in a local saddler's shop.

When you have decided where you intend placing your order, give the saddler to understand that you want the harness made up on the premises, and pay a surprise visit and ask to see how it is going on.

Don't be put off by the saddler saying it isn't far enough forward for you to see, for, if he is making the harness on the spot, he will be only too pleased to invite you into the workshop, even if he has only got a few of the strappings ready.

If he doesn't ask you to see it, you can depend on it he has sent your order on to some wholesale maker, and has intended to palm it off on you as his own make.

A set of harness to fit a horse of, say, sixteen hands can be made up for anything from £6 10s. to £14.

Of course, you can get a set made cheaper, but it would be made by machine or of inferior leather. I should not recommend anything cheaper than £6 10s., as that is the bottom price that a set can be made to give you any satisfaction.

At that price it should be of single strappings, with double traces and back-band, and should be all hand-sewn work, with the exception of collar and saddle.

You can have either brass or solid nickel mounts at that price.

A better set can be made up from £7 10s. to £8 and at that price it would be finer sewn, and part of it made of double strappings with better quality mounts.

A very good set can be made from £10 to £12, and this should be all double strapping and hand-sewn throughout. The mounts will be of silver plate on nickel. This set is about the average one supplied to gentlemen farmers, and used for show purposes.

If you have a long purse and have £14 to spend on a set of harness, you should get the best procurable. The mounts will be of best silver plate on nickel, with hard clips and drafts on the hames.

Your saddle should be leather-lined, as it looks better and lasts longer. The reins will be double in the fronts, and I would advise you to ask to have them made up with pleated hand parts, so that you can get a firmer grip of them.

You will, of course, insist on trying your saddle on the dummy that every saddler keeps in his shop. The saddle must not only fit the horse, but it must fit you, and one that merely looks nice and feels uncomfortable to sit upon is worse than useless.

See also that it lies flat beneath your knees.

In buying a collar be especially careful to see that it is evenly stuffed. This, like the saddle, is best lined with soft leather for heavy work, as it is more easily cleaned with soft soap.

The harness should all be made of double strapping, and sewn very fine, as, the finer the stitch, the longer the harness lasts. I would advise solid nickel curb-bits, as they look much handsomer and are much more easily kept clean.

Of course, there is no guarantee given with a nickel bit, but it is very seldom they break with fair usage. Above all, when you have your harness, keep it clean.

A. IRVING.





A HUMAN EPISODE.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

I was at my table engrossed in writing when the door was pushed open with such vigour that a rush of air scattered my papers in all directions, and Henderson came in.

"Confound you!" I said.

He made no apology, but slammed the door behind him, and then stood glowering at me.

"Stow that piffle," he said. "I've got a bit of real life for you for once."

I let the slur pass. Henderson and I understand each other. Besides, I was more concerned with the look on his face. Normally he is the sensible, rather reserved fellow of the middle twenties, ready with a jest, unimaginative, impersonal. That night there was a devil in his eye.

He gave me the benefit of a prolonged, aggressive stare, then crossed over to the fireplace, dropped into an armchair, and reaching up to the mantelpiece for the tobacco-jar, proceeded to pack his pipe in silence.

I did not hurry him. I guessed that what he had to tell was hard because it hurt.

He scowled first at the fire, then at me, and once he removed his pipe to gnaw viciously at the ball of his thumb.

At length he found a beginning.

"Has it ever struck you," he said, leaning over the arm of his chair and speaking with tremendous earnestness, "that I'm a devilishly fascinating sort of chap?"

"Never," I said.

"To women?"

"A—h! Perhaps to some. We all are more or less. At any rate, you must be to one," I said, thinking of Lucy Sedgwick, to whom Henderson had been engaged for some months past.

"Um," he said, relapsing once more into moody silence.

He made a better start presently.

"A week ago to-night," he said, "I went to a dance at the Grand—the Yeomanry Ball affair. You know it. I always go. There's the usual crowd there, and one or two strangers. This year there was a Mrs. Englehart. Jack Allen introduced me. She was one of his party—a friend of his wife's. Know her? You don't. Nor did I—till then. I danced several times with her. She said I interested her."

A pause.

"Lucy was there," said Henderson, and paused again. He said the name with great difficulty. "I danced with her less often than with—the other women," he added.

I said nothing, though I was getting an inkling of his meaning.

"And I shouldn't have minded," said Henderson, without any change of voice, "if I hadn't danced with her at all."

"Go on," I said. Lucy was not a girl

that any man would lightly relegate to second place.

"I went the next evening to Mrs.

Englehart's flat," he continued, his eyes, with the devil looking out of them, fixed unwavering on mine. "And I've been there every night since."

He waited, letting the words sink in. I could see he was callous about what I thought of him, and I wondered whether it was because no other's opinion could be as bad as his opinion of himself.

"Is she living alone, then?" I queried.

"Except for a woman servant."

"A widow?"

"I don't know," answered Henderson, leaning farther forward to say it, "and I don't care a single damn."

"Does Lucy know?"

"No."

"Are you going to tell her?"

"That's what I've come here to find out."

I thought a moment. I liked Henderson, and I liked Lucy. Also, if occasion had needed it, I would have staked my life prior to this that the bond between them was unbreakable. Now and then one gets a sense of inevitability over these things. I had had it about them.

But there are certain incidents an honest girl doesn't forgive—if they happen after a man loves her.

Henderson was watching me as though he could read my every thought.

"Has it gone too far?" I asked. It was a question that had to be put, but I was in hell till he answered.

"No," said Henderson. "Not yet."

If he had been flippant I should have kicked him downstairs for those two words. But he wasn't. The look on his face was not the look of Henderson happy.

I covered a big sigh of relief by rising and taking the armchair opposite to him. As though feeling that the tension was easier, Henderson sat back. His pipe had gone out, and he relit it mechanically.

"You had better tell me how it came about," I said.

He did so promptly. "She asked me to call and see some curios she'd got—miniature carvings in ivory. She found that I was interested in such things. It was only an excuse. We both knew it. Any excuse did."

"What's she like?" I asked, curiously.

He paused to think, and appeared to choose his description with care.

"She's tall, and she's slender. She's got a long neck, a long face, and long hands and arms. She's made up of fine lines all over. She's like the lash of a whip, and yet she isn't. She's like a thing that could fly if she cared to. Her eyes are grey, set wide apart, and her brow's wonderful. You've read Keats' 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'; she's that!"

"God help you if she is," I thought. But I said nothing. His eyes had left mine, and were gazing into distance; and his voice, as he told of what he saw, was like thin wire.

"She read it to me," he went on. "And she was miserable. I never thought there could be such misery in all the world. And she cried." He closed his eyes. "That was when I kissed her."

Suddenly he turned on me.

"You see what it means," he said fiercely. "You see?"

"Yes, I see," I said.

"It means giving up Lucy, and yet—" He stopped, and all at once added in a tone of absolute perplexity, "and yet, in my heart my feelings for her are just the same. What does it mean? Can a man be in love with two women at the same time?"

"Not in the same way," I said.

"Can he in different ways?" Henderson was eager now; almost impersonal.

"One woman might appeal to the base side of him," I said, "and the other to the stronger, the purer side."

Henderson's face went strenuous with thought.

"The holy and the unholy desires," he muttered. Then to me: "How do you know the better side's stronger?"

"It isn't," I answered, "without a fight."

"By Jove!" whispered Henderson, slowly. "I believe you're right. It was easy with this one. With Lucy it was hard. The more I saw of her the worse I felt in comparison, and yet there was always the certainty that it lay in her hands to make a better man of me than anyone else could."

"She always seemed to tug me up a bit higher," he went on quietly to himself, "and make me think there were finer things in me than I should have ever had the cheek to think myself. And the things I despised in my own character never seemed to notice at all."

"Perhaps it is that they don't really exist for her. Perhaps in the end they wouldn't exist for me. She might obliterate them."

I didn't interrupt him. He seemed to be slowly but surely finding his own way out of the darkness of his difficulty.

"It isn't exactly that she's so much higher or better. She has no thought of that herself. It's because she's so wholesome that she can't understand anything else. That's why she believes in me—and a man's a pretty rotten sort of devil if he doesn't try a bit harder when it's like that."

"I've been trying," he said, in a low tone. "But now."

He stopped. He had reached an impasse.

"Now the other woman," I put in, after an interval. "Go over what she is to you."

"This other?" said Henderson. "She's white fire. She sends my blood leaping; she makes it stop and thicken till it's stifling. She takes my fibre and draws it to herself. She sets up a wild yearning, with sickness at the bottom of it. She makes me feel I could rip decent shreds to have her, and—"

His hands jerked out—"And I shall," he said.

Again a deadlock.

"And after?" I queried.

"Hate! And Emptiness!"

"And Lucy?"

"God knows," said Henderson.

"You'll lose both," I said.

"D'you think I don't know that?" said Henderson with intensity. "My reason's still alive. But it's chained; It can't move. This Englehart woman! She no more cares for me than she does for you. She picked me out for a pastime. She's eaten up with vanity. To you, she's nothing but a colourless creature with a manner. She's none of the things I've said of her—only I see her in a fever. She'll be all of them till I'm satisfied, then I shall turn round and curse her, and, more than all, myself. And the cursing will be as worthless as the rest of it."

"And meanwhile Lucy can go to the devil," said bluntly.

Henderson looked. His expression changed. He became stubborn, and (my nerves jumped) trifle ashamed. He looked at the clock. It was not yet nine.

"Anyway, I've got her now," said Henderson, "and I'll keep her."

He got up. "This isn't a thing that she can't tell," he said aggressively.

"No," I said.

Henderson hesitated a moment. Then, moodily still, he said, "You can come with me if you like. I'm going to see Mrs. Englehart. You needn't look scared. You can wait outside."

I wasn't scared, but I knew he was. I put on my coat without a word.

Henderson only spoke once during our twenty minutes' ride in the cab.

"She's expecting me," he said, and a laugh followed.

The laugh told me that Henderson had come to his senses just in time.

He was not long away, though it seemed interminable. He came up to where I was standing, buttoning his gloves with fumbling fingers.

"All right," he muttered.

And I wondered how much like "the lash of whip" Mrs. Englehart had been.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING IN WINTER.

A PLEASANT MEMORY,
AND A SUGGESTION
FOR OTHERS.

No rationally constituted man can get within sight of a mountain without lusting to stand triumphant on its highest peak.

This is of the essence of his manhood. It is the prompting of the spirit that has sent men to wrest Nature's secrets from her in the heart of the Polar regions and of the tropical forest. Circumstances over which he has no control prevent the ordinary man, in whom the spirit of adventure flames as of yore in the breasts of his fighting ancestors, from setting off to explore the four corners of the earth, and so he climbs the nearest hill instead.

The joys of hill-climbing appeal to our physical and our spiritual natures. Though the line of demarcation is not well defined, the latter are in the main of the infinite and inexpressible, and experience alone can reveal them.

The strenuous contest of the climb, the tonic of the mountain breeze, the soothing rush of waters, the inspiring prospects, the calm beauty of the sunset and the awful grandeur of the storm, the sense of battle and of conquest, the spice of danger at the ugly corner, these are some of the elements in the everlasting appeal of the hills.

Many who like nothing better than a day's mountaineering entirely neglect this form of recreation during the winter months.

THE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

This is a particular instance of the common, but erroneous, belief that the country is no place for a winter holiday. There never was a greater fallacy. The country generally, and the hills in particular, at this season of the year, have some peculiar charm besides their permanent features.

As I write I can vividly recall a day spent on the Scottish Grampians last winter.

On a clear frosty morning, whose keenness was pleasantly tempered by the level rays of the winter sun, four of us set off from a picturesque little market town that nestles in the foothills of the Perthshire Grampians. Our objective was a Ben ten miles off, over three thousand feet in height, whose Gaelic name I need not give, as the spelling of it has no apparent connection with its pronunciation.

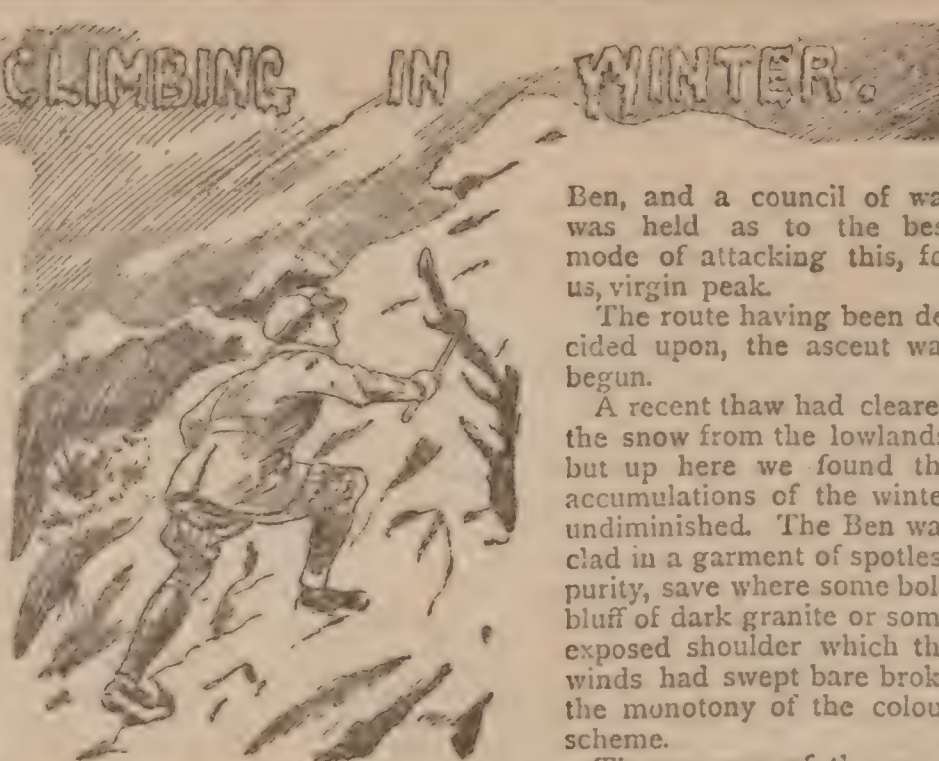
The frost-bound ground rang hard under the heel as we swung along the turnpike at a merry pace that soon sent the blood tingling through our veins.

UP THE WATERCOURSE.

After a mile or so we left the road and began to ascend steadily a rough track which followed the course of a typical Highland torrent up a wild and romantic glen. Swelling moorland of grass and heather, with patches of snow where the drifts had defied the recent thaw rose to the right and left to culminate in a well-defined horizon.

The silence that broods eternal in the recesses of the hills was broken only by the eerie call of the curlew, the melancholy peewee of the lapwing, and ever and anon by our boisterous laughter as our animal spirits overflowed in merry quips.

A steady four miles an hour (ever the true mountaineer's pace) brought us in a couple of hours to an ice-bound loch, overhanging to east and west by dark, frowning hills. Here we tempted Providence by timid excursions on to the ice, followed by wild scrambles for terra firma as resounding cracks sped swiftly up the mile-long stretch of ice. Half an hour later we arrived at the base of the



Ben, and a council of war was held as to the best mode of attacking this, for us, virgin peak.

The route having been decided upon, the ascent was begun.

A recent thaw had cleared the snow from the lowlands, but up here we found the accumulations of the winter undiminished. The Ben was clad in a garment of spotless purity, save where some bold bluff of dark granite or some exposed shoulder which the winds had swept bare broke the monotony of the colour scheme.

The presence of the snow did not appreciably retard us. Its surface was of sufficient hardness, to support us on the levels, and yet not too hard to allow of a foothold on the steep banks.

In the hollows it had drifted to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and we were frequently enabled to cross mountain burns and gullies by a bridge of Nature's building.

At one spot where a snow tunnel over a burn had collapsed, we caught a glimpse of a fairy palace, whose white walls and roof, with candelabra of clustered icicles, dazzled the eyes with reflected glory.

LUNCH ON THE CAIRN.

Two hours' steady climbing, not without frequent halts to admire the magnificent prospects, brought us to the crest of the last rise. Then ensued a wild sprint of fifty yards to the cairn, whose weatherworn sides we scaled amidst breathless laughter.

Seated on the cairn, we enjoyed a well-earned sandwich (no *recherche* dinner at the Savoy was ever so much appreciated) followed by a never-to-be forgotten pipe.

Meanwhile, we feasted our eyes on a glorious panorama of glittering peaks and ridges, stretching northwards to the crack of doom, and southwards to the smiling plain we had left some hours before, glimpses of which were obtained through the breaks in the hills.

Not the least enjoyable parts of the descent were long glissades at break-neck speed down the snow slopes.

GLISSADING.

The orthodox glissade is performed in a standing position, but one member of our party, whose practical knowledge of the laws of equilibrium was somewhat deficient, added to our gaiety by frequently assuming a sitting posture.

These pleasing interludes, and an attempt at a short cut which compelled us to negotiate a miniature precipice, gave a zest to the descent.

The homeward tramp down the darkling glen while the red embers of the dying day cast a rosy light on the neighbouring summits was enlivened by rollicking choruses that effectually repelled the approach of fatigue.

Finally a dinner fit for the gods, and the subsequent pipe and chat round a roaring fire, formed a fitting conclusion to a day of pure and unadulterated joy that will live in our memory till we make our last expedition of all. HECTOR CARDEW.

SILVER RING BOOKIE: "Ere y'are. 5 to 2 Cokernut, 5 to 2 Cokernut!"

CLIENT: "Say, Ike, lay me 3 to 1."

BOOKIE: "No; 5 to 2."

CLIENT: "Yus, just once 3 to 1, 'an I'll tell yer something."

BOOKIE: "All right, to you, once, 3 to 1. Now, what is it?"

CLIENT (in a whisper): "It's a 5 to 4 chance."

Exit.

"SEE YOU AGAIN ON
TUESDAY."

A HOLIDAY ANTICIPATION.

For the last three or four weeks I have been enjoying the pangs of keen anticipation. "Pangs" is the only word that expresses adequately my sensations, and, though it may sound strange to say that I have enjoyed such acute pangs, it is nevertheless true. I have longed to be free. From this side of a three-days' holiday the time seems long enough for me to live a whole life of sporting activity, but I know full well that those three days will fly like the wind, and I know also that I shall not have wasted an hour.

The pleasure of the Christmas break is to me—and I believe it is also to thousands more—as keen as any summer holiday. Perhaps it is keener because the time is short, but certain it is that sport snatched in mid-winter is to me much dearer than that enjoyed when the long days and short nights are so full of opportunity.

Winter sport is great sport, man's sport, giant's sport, even if it is only a twelve-mile tour on foot round the circle of old and well-loved scenes. This at least is what I am going to do on Christmas morning, whatever the weather may be, and I have already fixed things up with a companion and a dog. I shall be up betimes on that day, and have a roaring breakfast by a roaring fire, and let off my town-cramped spirits in sheer delight with life and exercise.

But the time is not quite here yet, and until then I must go on revelling in anticipatory sensations.

Every man I know is finding time during the day's work in town to run round either to the terminus or to the district office of one or other of the railway companies. They go in search of handbills, books of excursions, and lists of fares, of time-tables of going and returning trains. They are hunting out connections between main line "fliers" and those little branch-line trains that puff to and fro half a dozen times a day into what are really the outlandish places of the earth.

How I love the outlandish places—the places that never figure in the daily papers as "centres" of this or that activity; the places that are buried at the remoter ends of branch lines; the places whose doings are only chronicled in the local paper! These are the strongholds of all I believe to be most worth having—the open country, the flying pack and the following field, the serenity of air and outlook, the silences of night, the good cheer of farm and cottage, the little inn, the homely manners and the courtesy, for men are not too hurried to be gentlemen in these places.

It would surprise you to know how many of us fight with all the townsman's skill of fence and all the sordid ruses forced upon us by a competitive age, and, with a merciless rush for "success," are nevertheless secretly looking over the chimney pots and through the muck to a distant, unknown countryside where one end of our heartstrings is securely fastened.

But I can stay no longer to talk about these things. I have just banged the office door after me—I shall not see it again for four days, till next Tuesday morning, in fact—and the sense of unlimited freedom and unlimited opportunity is a little too much for me. I must run and pack a kit-bag; there is something exhilarating in the air.

* * * * *

The train is frightfully crowded. There must be even more outlandish places than I suspected, for as far as I know only another man besides myself is going to my own destination. We are wedged in pretty tightly—even sardines in their tins would complain if treated so; but we don't mind. We are off to have three or four days of life, to handle a gun, to get astride a horse, to tramp, in any case to have a good time. Some of us will most certainly—cannot finish—train starting—see you again at the office on Tuesday. So long!

HARRY WOOTON.

THE M.F.H. A SKETCH.

A fine fellow is the Master, both on his feet and on horseback—takes his fences in fine style, as becomes one bred in the best of all possible shires; fits the old description to a T, "a good one to follow, a bad one to beat."

He is not easy-tempered; he is too hot-blooded, for all, he has left the forties behind him; and he has no sympathy with "funk" in any shape or form.

He frankly admits that he trusts that when Death, the great Huntsman, winds his death note, it will be out in the open on a glorious hunting morning.

"Gad! I've been in at the death too often to be scared when it comes to my turn."

That's the M.F.H. If he has all the vices of the past, he has also, unlike many moderns, all the virtues, too.

He knows every inch of his country, knows every whelp in his pack, is on good terms with the farmers, and has a kind word and a pleasant nod for the ambitious lad who wants to make a crack rider—"Ride straight, lad, and you'll get there, and take every obstacle as it comes."

But he has a withering scorn for the chap who jumps the fences and hasn't learnt how to hold in his mount, and the fool who overrides his hounds, and the bouncer who thinks to follow the field on cycle.

Then he proves that he is a professor of languages as well as an M.F.H., and leaves the whipper-in—who is looked upon as a crack swearer—far behind with an open mouth.

A lady's man all his life, he likes to see a trim figure, and quite endorses the old belief that the sight of a slender ankle on a hunting morning brings luck.

Bit of a gay dog still, for all his horse carries a good eighteen stone, and there is a merry-faced little urchin riding a diminutive pony round the paddock at home in imitation of grand dad!

He is fond of his glass, and can still troll out a capital song in what was once a rich, mellow tenor.

A convivial prince of good fellows is the M.F.H., not a stranger to the *belles lettres* either—something of an artist, more than a little of a poet, and a connoisseur whose taste is above reproach, whether it is a bit of feminine flesh and blood, a bottle of champagne, a picture, or a treasure in horseflesh.

"I was born in the days when a gentleman had to know something more than how to dress himself," he was wont to say.

But it is in the field that he excels above his fellows.

See him on Mephisto, his big, raking chestnut, and you see him at his best.

"And as you'll see me last I hope," he says. "And afterwards bury me just as I am, pink coat and all, and at the last great Meet I'll be ready."

But not for many a season yet, is the fervid prayer of those that know him.

There are plenty of yarns about him. There's a place that's called after him, the Master's Leap—as ugly a looking fence as you'd see in a day's run, with a nasty brook the other side that has stopped more than one good rider. But the M.F.H. and Mephisto treated it lightly—devil of a jump as it was.

There was the time when he rode into the Town Hall for a wager, and was fined for municipal contempt.

On the writing table in his book-lined study is an inkstand fashioned from a polished hoof, and somewhere he treasures a jockey cap and a silk shirt of lurid colours.

They are relics of the day when he rode the owner of the hoot to victory in the Varsity Grind, for a finer steeple-chase rider never existed than the M.F.H., when he rode a stone or two lighter than he does now.

But that's enough—"there's a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and it's some miles off to the covert. There is more fun in the saddle, and with luck the M.F.H. will give us a day's glorious sport.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A Merry Christmas to you, gentle-CHRISTMAS. men, one and all! We have been very good friends, you and I, and it does not need much to warm our hearts towards one another, but at such a time as Christmas there can be small doubt as to our good feeling.

In compiling this Christmas number I have endeavoured to embody what I conceive to be the spirit of Christmas from a sportsman's point of view. I think that I have shown, through my contributors, that Christmas ranks with any season of the year—if it does not surpass them all—as a time when a man may give vent to the sporting instincts that are in him.

Bad weather we must look for and in our uncertain climate we are not even assured of having the traditional frost and snow to brighten the landscape. More often we spend our Christmas in fog or rain, but, none the less, it is a season when the sportsman feels, if ever, free and energetic.

The few brief days of respite are precious for their very brevity. Into them he is going to crowd all those dreams that he has been conceiving since the long-past summer holiday. There are reunions at Christmas time, and partings after them, which tend to touch the heart a little, and, somehow or another, I think that Christmas may be reckoned a sporting festival none the less for that fact, for it is my own private opinion that the better sportsman a man may be, the more tender is his heart.

MYSELF AS A BEGGAR.

I am going to introduce myself to you in a new rôle—that of a beggar. For my own part, I have never begged, and I have never asked a favour—what I have not been able to obtain by fighting for I have managed to do without—but there are others who are less able to fight than you or I.

Who they are you know yourselves. Such people are with us at all times, but we notice them particularly at Christmas. Let us remember their misery in our own gaiety.

In asking you to remember the poor and needy at this Christmas time, I do not suggest that you should forego your holiday on their behalf—any such idea would be crankish—but I do suggest that, in the taking of your own pleasure you should spare a little for those who can find none for themselves.

It may be a little money, a little bit of self-denial in the expenses you have reckoned upon, or it may be in the matter of time. There is no man so poor that he cannot give, and money is not the most precious of gifts. Half an hour spent by the bedside of a sick friend, or, perhaps, in the more cheerful digs of a despondent pal, may do more good to them—and to you—than any expenditure of money.

WRONG AND RIGHT OBJECTS FOR CHARITY.

Christmas is a time when our hearts expand and warm, and none is more fully cognisant of the fact than the professional cadger. He sends us his circulars for hospitals and missions that no one has hitherto heard of, because he knows that at Christmas time the heart is mightier than the brain.

I ask you to neglect all these requests that come to you through the post. Seek out in your own immediate surroundings opportunities for your charity. There is a local hospital that wants funds; a soup kitchen that could very well do with a joint of beef; a local beggar, even, who would be none the worse for a few mince pies or a pipe of tobacco.

The deserving cases in the matter of charity, under the usual acceptation of the word, you will readily discover if you look about for them, but there are other cases for which I would appeal more strongly, for they appeal more strongly to me. In connection with them the expenditure of money is wholly inappropriate.

MY SPECIAL AND PER- SONAL APPEAL

I am thinking of the chaps who are coming to a realisation of themselves, whose characters are growing, who are throwing aside the trammels of convention, and who are gradually attaining to what I personally believe to be a fuller manhood.

You yourself are one of the best, keen on all sports and good at most of them, a dashing trooper in a Yeomanry Regiment, shall we say? You are one of the men whom the other chap, who is just beginning to find himself, admires frankly and candidly. You think he is a bit of a muff.

Tradition, which is slow a-dying, prevents him from entering into all your ideas with the spirit that he really would like to show. He appreciates you terrifically, but his appreciation comes after he has left you.

It comes usually in his bedroom, when he is alone, and after he has turned the gas out; it may even come while he is on his knees by his bedside. But if you are the sort of chap I have described, and if he is also the sort of chap I have described, that appreciation does come.

Then it is that he feels acutely his own particular cast of mind and of character. No critic could be more drastic in an analysis of his character than he. He wants to be as you are, but he fears to let you consider him an imitator. His manhood is bursting for its outlet.

It rests with you to give him the kindly word, or the slight mark of appreciation that indicates accepted equality.

In his heart he is longing to think himself your equal—not, it may be, in matters of money, for, as I have said, money in this connection is negligible, but in something which is more precious than money's worth—in his estimation of himself and in the estimation that the world is likely to hold of him.

If you know such a one, I ask you at this Christmas time to give him special consideration, to show him some little kindness that may make the man of him that he desires to be.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

We are accustomed on Christmas Eve to attend some form of midnight service. I shall not say which form I personally like best to attend, for I do not desire to brand myself or this paper with any particular creed. I am afraid that my own religion is very far from orthodox, but what there is of it is, I trust, sincere. There is, however, one point which I believe to be common to all religions that are worthy of the name, and that is the gospel of being kind.

Kindness is indefinable. It is a matter of tact and individual perception. Occasionally it is a matter of the spending of pence or of pounds, but much more frequently it is the doing of a simple action that costs you nothing but a little time and a little thought.

May I beg of you to mark this Christmas by making a conscious effort to be kind?

In spite of all that has been said against the sportsman, I hold that he is instinctively the kindest of all men, but often he is a little thoughtless, and that is why I am venturing to bring this matter to your notice.

A HEART- FELT TOAST.

I have filled my glass, and am lifting it to drink your very good health, but before I taste the liquor I should like once more to thank you for your support.

It seems scarcely twelve months ago since I penned words that were similar, perhaps, but, believe, less warm.

You have helped me to obtain those things that I have wanted and fought for. I trust that, on my part, have done what you desired of me.

Gentlemen, I drink your very good health. God bless you!

YOUR EDITOR
Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

OUR REMAINING INSTITUTION

Keep on more wood! The
wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas
merry still.

—SCOTT.



him spent the empty interregnum between church and the midday meal in a far pleasanter manner. He requires no pre-dinner gin-and-bitters.

You must remember, too, that for him life does not begin on that day until the first rites of the Ritual are gone through—the carving of the Roast Beef of Old England.

People who say that Christmas is not what it used to be should be gently but firmly corrected. They are

undermining the constitution of Great Britain. The heretics who go further and aver that they hate Christmas and pay no attention whatever to it deserve to be burned at the stake. Their sin is worse than high treason. They are saving their own constitutions and digestions at the expense of the State's.

THE ESSENTIAL DINNER.

Besides this, they are aiming a blow at the Englishman's home far more wrecking in its effect than that portrayed by Major Du Maurier. Given that the Armies of the "Empress of the North" indeed occupied Mr. Brown's house, your Englishman would still patch up an armistice and eat a Christmas dinner of sorts in any apartment left whole by the shells of the Invader—nor would Mr. Brown ask any of the Northerners to that repast, for Christmas is essentially of the home and for those that belong exclusively to it.

This is what permits Mr. Brown to eat his fill and drink to overflowing, comfortable in the thought that the penniless can get a very good dinner at the Workhouse—of course!

"The place is made for such people, and there is every comfort for them and every luxury on Christmas Day. Why, I myself sent a box of cigars that you bought for me last year, Mrs. Brown. Just hand me those Henry Clays, my dear. Always remember that I would far rather you left cigar-buying to me. Men have their fancies. Women may buy their socks with safety, but cigars—no!"

AN INSTITUTION WE CANNOT DO WITHOUT.

Thus through the æons may Christmas be the greatest of our institutions—because it is really the only one left to us now. It is the one thing that proves conclusively that England is a Conservative country at heart.

If Tariff Reform "means merrier Christmases," let us have Tariff Reform. We want merry Christmases to warm the old heart of John Bull.

They will remind him that Old England is Old England still with all her faults, and in spite of her puerile politicians.

The aroma of the Roast Beef of Old England, though it greets his nasal organ "but once a year," may yet keep the lusty spirit in his breast and give strength to his arm.

Let there be holly to gladden his eye and mistletoe under which he may salute his children returned from the habitations they have made over the seas. Let the old order of Our Remaining Institution change not.

Let Christmas continue!

H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

As this number is issued a full week before Christmas, there is ample time for you to obtain one of our art proofs of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous drawing, and to send it to your most particular friend.

It is the sort of thing he will like to have framed for his "den."

There is not one word of printed matter on these proofs—no sort of advertisement. They are simply handsome reproductions of the original drawing.

See notice on another page for all details.

HOW THE ROAN WON THE WAGER.

A SKETCH OF THE OLD TIMES.

Two men were seated in the parlour of the old-fashioned inn in a little Midland village.

"Well, do you take me, Hal?"

The man addressed looked up with sullen eyes.

"I suppose so," he answered shortly.

The other took no notice of the tone or the look in Hal's eyes, but continued blandly:

"If you succeed I hand you back these"—he flicked a handful of I.O.U.'s in the other's face—"If you lose, I take the Roan."

Hal Yates clenched his hands and his teeth, cursing the folly that had put him so completely in this man's power.

"And the conditions are these," the silky tones went on. "You shall ride the Roan into the Swan Hotel, up the grand staircase, round the gallery and down again, into the billiard-room, clear the table, and exit by means of the window into the street."

"But —" began Hal.

The other stopped him with a sneering smile.

"You've often boasted of your feats of horsemanship and the Roan's marvellous powers. I merely put them to the test."

With that he left the room and Hal to his reflection.

The Roan could do the feat; of that he was pretty sure, but supposing he did fail, what then? Mansel would take him.

Hal knew that if Mansel demanded payment it meant ruin, for he was at the end of his tether—and the Roan would have to go.

But there was a fighting chance that he won the wager and kept the Roan, and was freed from a load of debt besides!

He got up and stretched his broad shoulders—a fine fellow to look at was Hal.

He went round to the stable-yard to have a good look at the Roan.

If Hal was a grand specimen of the genus homo, the Roan was a match for him.

The proudly arched neck and the small head spoke of blood, and he presented the combination of speed and "bottom."

"Good boy!" And Hal slapped the glossy side. "You'll win!"

The square before the Swan Hotel was bathed in the afternoon sunshine. A few sleepy pigeons sat on the roof or sunned themselves on the fountain, when down the fashionable High Street rode Hal Yates on his showy Roan.

Into the square he trotted, with a smile on his devil-may-care face.

And his foe, watching him from the window of the Swan, somehow did not feel quite so sure of the result of his wager.

"I never thought he'd take it seriously," he muttered, and then he fell to coveting the horse afresh.

Up the steps, into the entrance hall, rode Hal.

The astonished porter gaped. He knew Yates, but his manoeuvres this day struck him dumb.

Up the low, broad stairs of the beautiful oak staircase went the Roan, as gracefully as if he were in the habit of mounting stairs every day of his life.

Hal gallantly raised his hat to a pretty chambermaid, and laughingly threw her a crown. Then he trotted round the gallery, and came down the stairs again.

The porter had found his tongue and tried to stop him, but Hal headed his horse for the billiard-room, entered, took the table as easily as he was wont to clear obstacles, and, putting the Roan at the big open French window, dropped as lightly as a bird into the street.

Smilingly he acknowledged the cheers of the few spectators, nodded to the chagrined loser, and trotted back to his quarters in the little old-fashioned inn that had sheltered many a fine horseman in the days that have gone.

That night he lighted his pipe with a bundle of I.O.U.'s, and Mansel did the cursing.

A. M. STEWART.

No country exceeds England in these days in self-bentlement, and no man beats the Englishman—or that vague individual termed the Man in the Street—for a pessimistic outlook on life.

"They manage these things better in France," says one. "The Germans are bound to thrash us," says another. "The Australians have beaten us at cricket and the Americans at most other things," another may observe. And the stay-at-home might truthfully remark: "They keep the New Year far more enthusiastically in Scotland. Easter is only a feast in Roman Catholic countries."

But among all the truly English institutions that others have wrested away from us—we yet hold Christmas for our own. It is now our one institution. We wish it preserved in all its entirety. It is a wondrous thing, because it ranks far higher than the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Lord Mayor's Show, and Derby Day—and these are minor British institutions.

Do what you like with our other feasts, Father Time, but please leave us our Christmas!

CHRISTMAS FOR ALL.

You will note that it does not matter under what conditions an Englishman is living on December 25.

If it finds him in affluence he will have his house bedecked with Holly and the Mistletoe Bough—those satellites of Christmas Day. Of course his board must groan beneath the weight of a Turkey and a Plum Pudding. (All capitals, Mr. Printer, because these things are beyond even Mr. Winston Churchill's satirical tongue, and half a pound of plum pudding is worth a ton of outer-worldly precept on Christmas Day.) It is the one day when the good Englishman feels really proud of being the head of a large family—the day the prudent man writes to his sons, and for once does not omit any comment on the expense they have been to him.

He encloses a cheque "to buy toys for my grandchildren," and the aforesaid sons proceed promptly to buy in a stock of good cheer for the family generally, and particularly themselves.

One only has "good cheer" at the Christmas dinner on Christmas Day (I speak, of course, of the Lower Thirty-Eight Million). At other times it is known under the name of "extravagance." There are wondrous decanters (concocted all the year round) that are produced on this great occasion and filled with port wine, sherry, and ginger wine for the Eldest Boy (who may be relied upon to take his full share of the former pair when no one is looking, otherwise he is not worthy of the traditions of his family). If youth is not served on Christmas Day, it serves itself.

THE INTERFERING UNCLE.

The Eldest Boy on Christmas Day is oppressed by uncles, who attach no importance to his stand-up collar. Eager to set him the good example that he cordially detests, they haul him off to church, a place they rarely attend at home.

All through the morning service the Eldest Boy wriggles about seeking to find something interesting in the address to King James in the Prayer Book, and is conscious of nothing but a hearty appetite for the good things to come.

It is but boy-like. He has "stirred" the plum pudding but a short while since, and the "cooking brandy" therein has whetted his appetite. He cannot even dash at his cigarettes for comfort when church is over, and because there is, of course, no snow, he feels that his father before

ON FOOT AFTER FOXHOUNDS

A CHEAP WAY OF ENJOYING AN EXPENSIVE SPORT.

It is not by any means only to the owner of many horses and the leisure to ride them that the hunting season comes as a boon and a blessing and a time of strenuous sport.

To many a man who never has owned, and not improbably never will own, a stable, let alone a hunter to put in it, the hunting season comes as a time of very genuine pleasure-affording opportunities for the very best sort of sport—a good cross-country fox-hunt.

The men of whom I write are far more numerous than the average reader and the average sportsman are aware, and they are among the keenest sportsmen it has ever been my good fortune to come across.

I have not the exact number of packs of hounds at my fingers' ends, but speaking roughly I should think there are not fewer than two hundred in England alone. This may possibly be an over-estimate, but I am away from reference books—I am in a remote country hotel—and cannot give the exact figures.

But if you will ask those who know anything about the following of any pack, you will be astonished to learn that in nearly every case there are keen young men who, while they cannot afford a horse and a red coat, are yet so keen that these disabilities cannot keep them from following hounds in an independent and quite happy way on foot.

HUNTERS YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT.

What is also of great interest in this connection is that these foot fox-hunters are to a very large extent men who, in the normal course of things, might be supposed never to dream of fox-hunting.

But the love of the good old English chase is widespread, and flourishes as well behind the counter and on the office stool as it does in the mansions and on the estates of those blessed with long purses and well-filled stables.

And so you will find that in a hundred unexpected places the list of the week's meets in the local paper is scanned with eager interest by many young tradesmen and their assistants, who will spend their free afternoons and any holidays they can get in the fascinating pastime of following the hounds afoot.

These sportsmen are, as a rule, quite retiring and inconspicuous. The red coats of the horsemen and the glossy, well-kept hunters catch the eye of the company that turns out on cycles or in carriages just to see the meet and watch the field draw off.

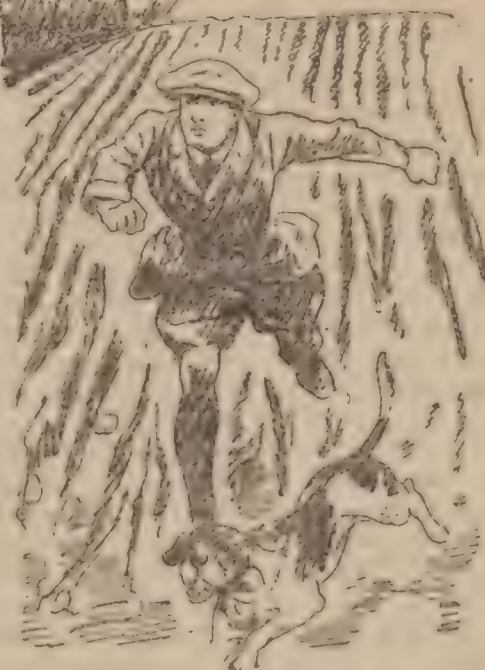
THE THINGS NEEDED.

But the ardent young athletes who find their chief pleasure in following afoot have other things to think of than standing about gazing at the pretty spectacle. It is their business to be on the alert, for they have a hard task to keep anywhere near the fun, and must bring into play a variety of skill in running, woodcraft, Nature knowledge, and, above all, their instinct for the lie of the land, and the ways of the foxes of the particular countryside.

Should the foot fox-hunter try to keep pace with the field he would find himself hopelessly left behind, and the sport would leave him five minutes after a fox had been found.

But he is too keen for such a fate to overtake him. No man knows more than he as to the conformation of the country over which the hunt has sway. In his mind's eye he knows it all as if it were set out before him in a valley.

He knows, too, every point of observation throughout the countryside, and so he is able to combine this local knowledge with his experience



of past runs. By waiting at this point, by slipping across that valley and reaching the opposite high ground, and by such clever manoeuvring as this he is able to keep in close touch with the field, and, what is more, he sees a great deal of the actual hunting as the hounds take hills and valleys.

The running and jumping he gets are no small part of his pleasure. He enjoys the rush of the air as he bounds over the fences and leaps the ditches. With one hand lightly on the top bar he vaults every gate in his path, and his eyes and ears are open to every sound that comes from the pack or the huntsman's horn.

Such sportsmen as these soon become well known to the regular field, who as a general rule can only admire their sturdy, unconquerable love of sport and who will do all they can to give them useful "tips" of information when they cross each other's track, as they often do, in the course of a good run.

THE PLEASURES OF IT.

These foot hunters have unequalled opportunities of learning the secrets of the wild. Every motion of bird or beast has its meaning to them, and as often as not is to some extent a guide as to the presence and direction of fox, hounds, or field.

There is much in this sport that exceeds in stirring interest the more conventional runs of harriers or foot beagles. A man is thrown entirely back on his own skill in running and woodcraft, and every thrill he feels comes to him as a well-earned and delicious experience.

He is, at different times of the day, both spectator and participator, and there is no holding him. His experiences have a pleasing variety, which is made for him chiefly by the nature of the country and the particular whims and cunning of the fox he is following. So that sometimes he can, by moving at comparative ease within a small area of ground, keep in touch with the pack, and revel in the sight of the pursuit.

At other times he is put on his mettle, and must needs do his scouting as he runs, and make his cuts with skill or be hopelessly left behind.

But he has his full measure of enjoyment every time, and in his way is one of the keenest supporters of the hunt.

T. W. GARDEN.

BEWARE THE FOOTBALL BOOKIE!

SOME OF HIS LITTLE DODGES.

Every Saturday evening we read in the football editions of the evening papers that crowds varying from 25,000 to 40,000 witnessed the different big professional football matches throughout the Kingdom, and we think to ourselves with some pride what a sporting race we are, that a simple game should have such a tremendous hold on us.

Of course, nobody would be inane enough to deny our sporting character; but, at the same time, ought not a little thought to make us ask ourselves, when we see vast concourses crowding towards the great football grounds, if there is not possibly some other incentive than merely to watch an hour and a half's play, that is attracting all those people?

For undoubtedly there is. The great majority of those enthusiasts are going to the football grounds for the same purpose that attracts thousands upon thousands to racecourses—they are going to "have a bit on."

Why shouldn't they, you may ask. It is all a matter of opinion.

Horse-racing is admittedly but little more than an opportunity for betting, but should we allow football to become the same?

There are two sides to the question, and all I want to show is that, as at present conducted, football betting is very unsatisfactory—to use a mild term.

That many devotees of football do bet is an indisputable fact.

Why else is it that on every ground of any consequence nowadays the half-time scores of all the other big matches are posted up? Simply because the football "bookie" is as great a power in the land as his *confrère* on the racecourse.

Naturally, he doesn't stand up and shout the odds—he has emissaries, who masquerade in all sorts of disguises.

For instance, you will notice that scores and scores of brawny and almost aggressively robust individuals will, just before the start of the match, evince a burning desire to purchase some cough-lozenges or acid drops. So you will observe them crowding round an innocent-looking sweet-purveyor.

It is a strange fact that with the penny for the sweets they will contrive to slip a screw of paper into his hand. This he will afterwards convey to his employer—the football bookie.

That is one of the ways of having "a bit on" a football game—or series of games.

Hot-chestnut sellers outside the grounds often do a trade in the same way—some acting in the employ of a bookmaker, and others "speculating on their own." The latter, however, should be regarded with considerable suspicion, as they have an amiable habit of "moving on" just after the last client has entered the enclosure—and, by the way, of forgetting to come back.

There was a rather amusing scene outside a big football ground in an important wool-manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire recently. A hot-chestnut man, who had earned the ill-will of some football enthusiasts in this way, had collected all his bets; and, thinking that the last of his clients had gone in, was preparing to push on.

But his former victims had posted a sentinel close by, on this occasion, in the person of the local heavy-weight boxing champion, who promptly set about the wily chestnut man, and scattered his wares all over the street. The poor fellow, who was a very battered wreck when it was all over, but did not dare to charge his assailant for fear of dis-closure. This is the system on which most football bookies "lay the odds"—and very profitable odds they are, too, for the knight of the pencil. The prices are very short in the case of single matches, but lengthen out when a number are taken together in the form of one forecast.

I have a football bookmaker's prospectus before me as I write; and it reads as follows:

AGAINST.	H	AGAINST.
5 to 4 A	denotes Home Team.	15 to 1 AAD
7 to 4 HH		16 to 1 HAD
7 to 2 HHH		16 to 1 HAAA
3 to 1 D	A	16 to 1 HHHH
3 to 2 HHHH	denotes Away Team.	20 to 1 ADP
4 to 1 HHA		20 to 1 HAAAD
6 to 1 HHHHA	D	20 to 1 HHHH
6 to 1 HHHHH	denotes Draw.	20 to 1 HHHH
7 to 1 HHD		22 to 1 AAAA
7 to 1 AD	8 to 1	25 to 1 HAAAD
7 to 1 HAA	any Correct Score.	25 to 1 HAAAD
7 to 1 HHHHA		30 to 1 HHHAA
8 to 1 HHHAA	150 to 1	30 to 1 HHHH
8 to 1 HHHHH	All Away Teams on Card	33 to 1 HHHH
10 to 1 HHHH	to win.	33 to 1 HHHH
10 to 1 AAA	5 to 2 any 4 teams in 1st,	40 to 1 HHHH
10 to 1 HAD	2nd, or 3. Leagues, but these	49 to 1 HHHH
10 to 1 HHHAA	Teams must not be mixed.	45 to 1 ADP
10 to 1 DD		45 to 1 AAD
16 to 1 HHHHAA	Any three home teams	50 to 1 HHHH
	from this list of the same	50 to 1 HHHH
	division, 4 to 1.	

It will be seen from the above that the odds are 5 to 4 against one away team, 7 to 4 against home teams, 4 to 1 against two home teams, one away team—and so on.

They are laid by one of the most up-right "bookies" in the profession, but any mathematician will prove to you by the law of permutations and combinations, that the actual arithmetical odds against a correct forecast of five home and two away matches are far greater than 16 to 1, which is offered in the above list.

No, betting on racehorses is a "mug's game" enough; but speculation on football—even granted that you don't get "welshed"—is, if we may call a term, even "muggier"! A. W. LBBITSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GEORGE LOGAN.

Some unfortunate place at this very moment is afflicted with the presence of the Blessed Blessington.

If it is a police-station cell that he graces, I am far more sorry for the warders than for Bardolph Blessington.

Blessington's manner of leading his life in this world is largely influenced by the fact (which he oft repeats) that "a man is a deuce of a time dead, you know."

Consequently the pure joy of living shines in Bardolph's eye. He is always in a hurry, except when he is "busy," and he is never guilty of the latter form more than half an hour a day, when, it is popularly supposed, he visits the local shops with some commodity or other in which he travels for a London firm.

Blessington is a light and airy spirit, full of what he terms "fun."

A cutting wind was blowing along the deserted "Leas" of the highly exclusive Folkestone when Blessington, head down against the wind, staggered into me, butting his head into the region of my waistcoat.

"I'm sorry," I said—although it was not my fault.

"Don't be," said Blessington. "You're very evidently alone. So'm I! You're very probably a passable sort of chap. So'm I! The main thing is—we both look it, anyway, and that's enough in these days, cocky! With your kind permish, we'll go for a walk and hunt in couples. It's much better. I admit it's bleak December, but some fun out of Folkestone I'm going to have. See? I'm going to put the clock back and kid myself it's the season here. You're going to kid yourself it's the season here, too. Like that we're in for a time. Twickenham?"

"Naturally," I answered. "Good morning!"

"Well, I'm——" Blessington left the end of his sentence discreetly open. He waved a cheery "Ta-ta!" to me and allowed himself to be blown away in my wake, the ample folds of the big camel fleece ulster flapping in the wind.

He followed me into the hotel where I was putting up, discovered from the boots that his bedroom was next to mine, and burst into the bar overjoyed.

"It's no good, cocky," he said, thrusting out a large hand. "We've got to be pals. We're already neighbours, and—I warn you—Pve got a banjo!"

I observed that I did not see how that affected the matter. Personally, I added, I detested banjos.

"But I can't play it for toffee nuts!" exclaimed Mr. Blessington, heavily, and with considerable emphasis.

Now, because there is no rest disturber quite so excruciating to a man with an ear for music as a banjo badly played, I capitulated.

Two bottles of stout clinched the agreement. Folkestone was to be awakened from its tortoise-like winter sleep. Mr. Blessington swore to do the deed.

I echoed the sentiment weakly.

The presentation clock above the mantelpiece solemnly struck 10 a.m. I am by nature peaceful, but Blessington's manner intoxicated me slightly.

It is my opinion that he would persuade the Congress to start a ping-pong tourney.

It was a Saturday—a convenient day for Mr. Blessington, because he could dispense with even the half-hour's "work" on the ground that it was "market day." One cannot, as a traveller, visit shopkeepers on market days.

We stood on the pavement outside the hotel, prepared for the awakening process, but not quite clear as to the form it was to take.

"Now, then, General," I said. "Give it a name!"

"Hythe!" responded Mr. Blessington, promptly.

"And in a motor-coach, cocky!"

The motor-coaches that run to the five-mile distant Hythe are, upon the whole, comfortable, if not luxurious, affairs.

The Blessed Blessington



It was early in the day when we clambered upon the driver's seat. Consequently, there was but one passenger besides ourselves—an intensely nervous-looking old lady, who sat in the covered inside.

"That's a slight difficulty," Blessington murmured, "but only very slight."

Our engine pulsed, the driver pulled a lever, and we were off.

A seraphic smile lit up the chubby countenance of Blessington. He edged himself even closer to the man at the steering-wheel and whispered in his ear.

"Make it a dollar and I'll break the record to Sandgate, sir!" said the gentleman in the leather cap, breeches, and buskins, whose brown, oily fingers did marvellous things with little levers and half-obscured taps.

"Tune her up a bit first," said Blessington, cheerfully, and with a backward chuck of an eloquent thumb he indicated the nervous "fare" inside.

A half-mile's average spinning settled the "fare."

With remarks about "disgraceful," "never ought to be allowed," &c., she demanded to be set down. The conductor—also suborned by the fiendish Blessington—obliged promptly.

We slithered along at an awful rate for the best part of a mile and a half, Blessington exulting.

Then, because his nerves were upset by reason of the scouts of various policemen on our route, who, happily, were "friendlies," in spite of their warning looks, our driver slowed the engines down.

"Look here," said Blessington, dropping the corners of his mouth suddenly, this isn't in the contract. You'll never break any records at this pace. Now, then, wake her up, old sporty."

"It would be as much as my place is worth," said our driver, sullenly. "I've had enough of this, I 'ave."

"The trouble," observed Blessington, eying the steering-wheel lovingly, "is that I haven't!"

"Now, Blessington is what may be termed 'beefy' to the observant eye. The pity was that the driver evidently mistook his proportions for flabby material.

There was a momentary scuffle while the car ran soberly along a straight road by the side of trimly-kept villas. In the spasmodic end Blessington placed the chauffeur precisely where the chauffeur intended to place him—namely, in the seat behind us.

Through the glass we could see the bribed conductor, a distorted figure, shaking his sides with laughter. Our gallant 20-h.p. ran fair and free. Blessington pulled her head round in time to avoid taking some fir-brushed wooden fencing.

Very calmly he settled himself down into the place of vantage by the steering-wheel.

"And look here," said Blessington threateningly, "I've only driven a motor-car once before in my life. I forget how many things we killed—but,

don't interrupt or it's any odds on me pulling the wrong lever or fiddling with the wrong tap—have you ever been in the anæsthetic room of a hospital, Henri?"

"No!" replied "Henri," snappishly.

"Then, for all our sakes, keep your temper. When they pump the chloroform into you previous to the amputation of a limb, it's 50 per cent. worse than being murdered. Besides, my friend, there—he mayn't look it, but he's a pugilist—a nine-stone ex-champion!"

I assumed a dastardly pose, which I trust came up to the reputation assigned me by Blessington.

"When we've got to Hythe," remarked Henri, "I sha'n't drive you young bli—gentlemen back. And I'll look sharp none of my mates do, either!"

"Thanks," said Blessington, proceeding to make himself even more comfortable. "In that case we shall have to drive into Folkestone ourselves."

"This'll cost you something, sir, this will," Henri went on. "Assault and battery, and interfering with a licensed driver in the execution of his duty!"

"Poof!" said Blessington. "I gave you a dollar to allow me to drive. I've got a witness—the ex-nine-stone champion. You haven't. You're only the ruddy chauffeur!"

"Very well," said the official driver, despairingly. "Ve—ry well!"

With the air of a Christian martyr he sank back limply.

"You can drive the car to 'ell, for all I care," he observed with an attempt at composure.

"With luck," Blessington replied, "we may reach Hythe alive. We can only die once, and it's better to be smashed up suddenly than linger in your old age."

"Don't, sir, don't!" said the chauffeur, miserably. "I've got a wife and a nob of a kid aged ten—at home."

"Don't make a chauffeur of him," Blessington advised the saddened Henri, "and, above all things, tell him never to accept dollars conditional upon breaking the record to Sandgate—and then break nothing but his promise!"

We swayed round a bend on two wheels—make no pert inquiries as to the language of Henri—and suddenly, entirely without warning, we came upon the very deuce of a hill that dropped at a truly alarming incline, and, moreover, turned sharply at the bottom in a direction which, from our point of view, was, to say the least of it, uncertain.

Blessington glanced once at the chauffeur.

"Put on the brake—hard. That's all I'm going to advise you, now," said the deposed Henri. "You've made your bed; you must lie on it."

Blessington had evidently heard this sentence many times during his checkered career.

"You can drop all old wheezes," he said. "The only time I ever made a bed I put the blankets where the sheets ought to be. In this case I've selected my own seat. I'm perfectly willing to sit in it. Gee!"

Brake hard on, we had reached the sharp turn in the hill. We grazed the sidewalk, and Blessington, the ever-resourceful, saved the paint by the breadth of a postage-stamp.

The brake literally shrieked. Then an ominous crack, and the straining wheels were released.

Henri attempted to climb over and take command again. We were slipping down the winding hill, gaining impetus as we went.

Imagine it! A weighty, lumbering motor-coach, fancy free, with a steep hill before it, and heaven knew what obstacles in the blind way.

"If anyone touches me," said Blessington, "I shall lose my nerve! You shout out the directions, starboard or port, Henri, my bonny boy."

The great glass screen in front of us rattled. The coach skipped a roadway drain, tiddley-winked a biggish stone into a garden wall with a resounding "zipp," and careered uncertainly along its mad path.

Another sudden drop and the villas of Sandgate were flying past us.

I had long since heard the verdict of "Accidental death" pronounced over my inquest. I was but awaiting patiently to become a post-



mortem. I could only hear the short, sharp directions of Henri, as he shouted them to the far from blessed Blessington above the rattle of the coach.

A brewer's dray hove in sight on the level that ran into Hythe's long street. I shut my eyes and waited for the crash.

Our gallant coach gave a sharp duck to the left. . . . Then—an appalling crash and clatter as of a big hotel's entire stock of dish-covers falling on a brick-tiled floor assailed my ears. . . . Another fearsome lurch. . . . I saw the ulstered form of the blessed Blessington flying through space, and, without the slightest effort, I followed him.

A thud! . . . My hands were in cold, wet slime, and my face reposing in the folds of Blessington's ulster—by the feel of the material.

When I opened my eyes I found we had landed fair and square on a wet, cold slab, well among a fishmonger's stock-in-trade of conger-eels and a plethora of flat fish, two yards beyond the kerb which ran white (instead of the red I had expected to see) with the lacteal fluid from an overturned milk-barrow.

It was Henri, the chauffeur, who, leaning out of the inside of the somewhat chipped coach, waved us a sarcastic farewell with a grimy paw.

"Cocky," said Mr. Blessington, as he settled up for the scraps of filleted plaice that hung in squidgy lumps to his fleecy ulster (leaving the pacification of the enraged dairyman to me), "the next thing is a coach back to the somnolent Folkestone."

"Thanks," I said firmly. "I'm walking."

"Then, let's have a drink," said Mr. Blessington, soothingly.

Now, blessed be all side doors to country hosteries! It was by means of a half-observed exit that I managed to dodge the blessed Blessington, and I left him—I fervently pray—to see him no more!

FODDER.

To the man who keeps a horse of his own, and particularly to the man who does so on the cheap, the question of fodder is an important one.

If you consult the stores catalogue as to the contract price for fodder for one horse, you will find that it works out somewhere between a guinea and twenty-five shillings each week.

Which, as Euclid says, is absurd.

With care, and with a horse that has a normal appetite, you can do him well at just about one-third of a pound each week. For half a sovereign a week you can include shoeing and other minor necessities.

A man who is keeping a horse in a small stable may find considerable difficulty in storing his fodder. A shelf erected at a height which the horse cannot reach is very inconvenient to the man who looks after him, and, wherever possible, it is advisable to let the horse have the freedom of his stable—to make it, in fact, a loose box.

You are then faced with the necessity of finding accommodation for your fodder outside the stable itself. Your saddlery can be stored somewhere in the house, but the straw, the hay, the chaff, and the oats must be somewhere nearer at hand.

If you are handy with tools, you can easily fix up a couple of small sheds in which to store these necessities, and it is better to have two sheds than one, for it enables the different kinds of fodder to be more easily got at.

It is frequently possible to buy fodder more cheaply than usual by having a quantity of it. If you do not happen to have accommodation for a quantity, you may make arrangements with a corn merchant to deliver as you require, although you secure an advantage in the matter of price reduction by ordering a quantity in advance.

It is also worth while to pay special attention to the quality of the fodder supplied to you, for stuff of the right sort goes much farther than fodder of inferior quality, even though the latter may tempt you by reason of its apparent cheapness.

Tyrants of the Territorial Force:



SOME OFFICERS WE COULD DO WITHOUT.

The Regular soldier, whatever his rank, is all too often looked on by the outside world as a mere machine, an insignificant cog in the great mechanism of the Army, eternally kept in his place by a vague and crushing something called discipline, which the civilian never fully understands. And, therefore, it is imagined, the soldier lacks individuality and his personal feelings are not worth considering.

But although it is essential to discipline that they should to a certain extent be disregarded, the soldier has his personal feelings. He is a man as well as the civilian—perhaps more of a man, too.

And some officers seem to overlook that fact. They may be—and usually are—juniors themselves, and smarting under the iron hand of discipline, but instead of acquiring a sympathy with their men they more often are seized with the desire to get their own back.

It is the old story of the senior partner in a firm blowing up the junior partner, and the junior partner blowing up the cashier, and the cashier making things hot for the typist, and the typist passing it on to the office boy, and the office boy kicking the cat.

UNACUSTOMED POWER.

And it is by no means only in the Regular branch of the Service that this is the case. In the Territorial Force the evil is often exaggerated, for we find the man who is a subordinate in the office, or wherever he earns his daily bread, making the most of his brief authority when he finds himself with all the powers of a commissioned officer.

He will treat his men like dirt beneath his feet. One of the first things he has learnt in the way of military etiquette is that there is a great gulf fixed between the commissioned and the non-commissioned ranks, and that the man whose name does not appear in the Army List has not a soul that he can call his own.

Such men develop an extraordinary keenness over trifles. All the little details of military routine must be observed and everything must be in accordance with the book.

UNNECESSARY WORK.

The spirit of the men will be broken with endless and unnecessary fatigues, while the essentials are left to take care of themselves.

The Territorial does not shirk real work that has a purpose, but he is, after all, a reasoning being—even more so, perhaps, than the Regular, in whom the habit of thinking too much is not usually encouraged—and he naturally objects to toiling at work which he knows to be unnecessary, simply for a whim of a tyrannical officer.

The personal element must enter far more into the soldier's life than any drill-book would allow. He does not follow his commander merely as an officer, but as a man, and he expects to be treated as a man in return.

Perhaps it is on parade that the tyrant earns most hatred—especially when the whole parade is under his command.

He has no thought for the men. He will keep

them marching at the slope till their shoulders ache, or standing at attention when they might be standing easy, or he will move at the trot for interminable stretches.

COMMISSIONED BULLIES.

But it is not only in a physical sense that the tyrant has no thought for his men. Indeed, officers who err in this respect are becoming rarer, for is it not stated in every military work that is read for examination that the first duty of an officer is to save his men and horses? They are part of the machine that he drives, and must be nurtured.

But they may be sworn at and bullied, though the tyrant. They cannot answer back, so there is no need for him to control his temper and his language when everything is not exactly to his satisfaction.

It is such men as this whose names appear in the casualty list in war time. In most cases they are possessed of a fine personal courage, and they make good leaders of an assault or a forlorn hope.

But sometimes the bullet that lays them low comes from behind. In time of war men come nearer to the primitive state than on any other occasion, and life is but little accounted of. And so it is that the tyrant is shot in the back by his own men, for his tyrannies do not cease in the hour of danger; rather does he expect more from his men. Yet he may get the credit for a glorious death at the hands of the enemy.

BAD FOR THE FORCE.

There are too many Territorial officers who would be by no means unlikely to meet the tyrant's end on active service, and it would do much to increase the popularity of the force if they were to mend their ways.

Nor are the tyrants only to be found in the commissioned ranks. There are many sergeants and sergeant-majors who are none too dearly loved by their men.

I have heard it said that there is too much "Please" about the Territorial Force. It may be so; it is hard to establish perfect discipline in an Army that is really only embodied for a fortnight in a year. But undoubtedly one can get more out of the men by treating them reasonably and fairly, and can yet retain their respect and loyalty. An occasional word of praise is worth more than eternal nagging.

Moreover, the man who uses his rank as a cover for bullying and tyranny is a coward, besides being a snob.

M. H. ALLAN.

BOOK-BINDINGS.

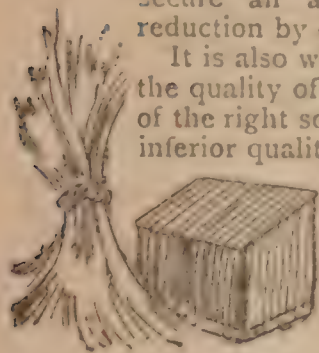
There are lots of ways of looking at a library. You may regard the books as so many personal friends, or you may look upon them as so many yards of ornamentation for your book-shelves—in fact, there are several of the London shops which will supply you with a collection of books at so much per yard, and that is traditionally supposed to be the way in which the millionaire buys his collection of literature.

It is not, however, the way in which the average man regards his library. To him, his books are something almost sacred, even if he but seldom opens their covers.

The cost of the books depends, of course, upon the length of his pocket. He may get the same enjoyment from sixpenny editions as another does from those which cost him many pounds. Nevertheless, it is worth while having here and there in your bookcase an example of fine binding, by way of contrast with those of cheaper production.

You can pick up examples of expensive bindings very cheaply if you know where to look for them. The second-hand bookshops and street barrows are the right places. There you may, for a few pence, secure volumes bound in beautifully tooled leather that give a tone to the whole bookcase.

You can call this rank snobbery if you like, but a man who is fond of books for their own sake likes to have a few whose bindings are worth admiring, even if their contents are not.



HOW TO TALK IN PUBLIC

A FEW HINTS FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

The art of public speaking is one of which every man should know something; he can never tell when he may be called upon to deliver, say, an after-dinner speech, or even to address a meeting in support of some political or other resolution, and it is at such times that one needs all one's *savoir faire* if one is to come through the ordeal creditably.

I do not, be it understood, intend to give my readers a treatise on elocution, partly because I am not profoundly versed in that art myself, although, as the Irishman said, I should be all the more unbiassed in consequence, but there are a few apparently unimportant points which, nevertheless, make all the difference between a successful speech and an incoherent gabble.

I have seen a man called upon unexpectedly to propose a vote of thanks to the lions at a public gathering of a social nature; it was a sight for the gods to weep over!

Ordinarily an estimable citizen, of blameless record, he became, in a moment, a wreck. Rising to his feet with a suddenness that nearly upset his chair, he stood twirling his silk hat in his hands, presenting very much the appearance of a pick-pocket who has been caught in the act.

For a space his tongue apparently clove to the roof of his mouth; suddenly a voice which appeared to have travelled an immense distance, and to have caught cold on the way, was heard to proceed from his nervously smiling mouth.

"Gen—," it said, and stopped.

Making a fresh effort, he began again. "Ladies and gentlemen, I—there can be no doubt—that is to say—"

Here a personal friend of the speaker advised him in a stage whisper to speak up.

"I have great pleasure," he accordingly continued, in a voice which would not have disgraced a Navy bo'sun in a bad temper, "in accepting Mr. Blank's kind offer"—here he directed a malevolent scowl at Mr. Blank—"to—that is, I am charmed to have . . . opportunity proposing . . . vote thanks . . . distinguished

Some happy thought saved him from the fatuity of referring to it as the proudest moment of his life, and he did, perhaps, the wisest thing he could—sat down.

These things are sufficiently ridiculous when set down in cold print, but I remember with a shudder my own first appearance in public, and I can sympathise with those who have, or fear, to suffer in the same way.

SOME HINTS.

Here, then, are a few hints which are the result of personal observation and experience. When speaking in public, never forget that it is better to err on the side of strict etiquette than on that of carelessness; there is sure to be someone present who "knows the difference."

Always commence by addressing the chairman either as "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," or, if he has a title, "My Lord," or "Sir John," as the case may be.

If it falls to your lot to propose a vote of thanks at an ordinary social gathering, remember that "brevity is the soul of wit"; at the same time, the proposer has a right, if one may so term it, to a rather lengthier speech than his seconder, who should, unless under special circumstances, confine



it is easy to modify or enlarge it when the crucial moment arrives.

Perhaps the most difficult speech of all is one of thanks. One is naturally grateful at being presented with "a slight token of our hearty esteem," and, at the same time, sentimentalism is a thing abhorrent to the average man.

HOW IT IS DONE IN FRANCE.

Pierre may fling his arms about his comrades' necks and shriek, "*Ah! ah! Quelle joie! Ce cher Alphonse! Ce bon Jacques! Comment je vous remercie!*"

That will not quite suit the English character (may I add, thank goodness!).

Let your thanks be brief, but, above all, let them be sincere; avoid what is commonly called "highfalutin'" at all costs.

It is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules in a question of this kind, but there is one guiding star which will lead a man out of many a dark forest of entanglement; it is contained in two words, "Keep cool."

F. GARTON.

THE FILLING OF FOUNTAIN PENS.

The utility of fountain pens is admitted, but the filling thereof is, also admittedly, a nuisance.

There appears to be no way of filling a fountain pen without soiling your fingers, and it is just as well to accept the fact.

Ink on the fingers can be removed without very much trouble if you do it before it has had time to dry into the skin. If the hands are washed within five minutes of the filling of the pen, a sharp scrub with an ordinary nail-brush and plenty of soap will suffice to remove the ink-stains without the application of the more drastic pumice-stone.

Some people are hopelessly inadequate when it comes to filling a fountain pen.

They stick the nozzle of the glass filler into the inkpot, press the rubber bulb and relax it, and expect that kindly providence will draw the ink up into the glass tube. Usually, however, the fountain pen filler that has been laid aside for a time will be found to be plugged up with solidified ink, and before you plunge it into the inkpot you ought to examine the filler to see whether this is the case. A jab with an ordinary pin will be quite sufficient to clear the passage.

It may be mentioned, by the way, that the fillers supplied with many fountain pens are far too small in the point, and it is in many cases advisable to break off the point close up to the butt of it, thus leaving a larger opening. In doing this it is necessary to exercise much care, for otherwise you may smash the filler irretrievably.

himself to a few words in support of the remarks of the proposer.

Mark Twain, in his racy description of a dinner at sea, said that the purser made the best speech of the evening; it consisted of a (very) brief expression of the speaker's desire that they might all "live happily ever after," so to speak, and concluded with the pungent words: "Steward, bring up another basket of champagne!"

Upon my word, I am inclined to agree with Mark.

Whenever possible, prepare roughly in your mind what you are going to say; this is, to my mind, preferable to reading a written speech, unless it is a long address on some technical or political subject requiring special treatment; in ordinary circumstances one is apt to forget one's words, or lose the paper, but if one has even a dim idea sketched out in one's mind

SMARTNESS IN UNIFORM.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR KIT IN ORDER.

It is the duty as well as the pleasure of every Territorial to turn himself out as smartly as possible when in uniform, and here are a few tips as to how to do it.

Let us take first the Service dress, which is issued to every unit.

For polishing the brass buttons, badges, and so on, liquid metal polish, rubbed on with an old sock and polished with a strong nail-brush until they are actually hot, cannot be beaten.

The shoulder titles and badges should be removed for cleaning, and the jacket turned inside out and buttoned, otherwise you are sure to get some of the polish on the jacket.

The brass arm-badges, such as the gun worn by Artillery sergeants above the chevrons, should have a cloth patch sewn over the pin and plate inside the sleeve, and just left unstitched at one side to allow the pin to be removed for cleaning the badge.

This stops the pin and plate from tearing your shirt when removing or donning your jacket in a hurry.

If you are in a mounted corps supplied with brown leather leggings, you should wear brown Derby boots, and try to tone your boots, leggings, and the straps of your jack spurs to the same shade. You can easily do this by using plenty of saddle soap and tan polish.

Brown bandoliers and equipment should be treated in the same way.

Get your jack-knife lanyard properly plaited, and keep it well "Blanched."

The collar of your Service jacket will look much better if you get your tailor to raise it a little like an officer's, so as to make it more like a civilian double collar in shape.

This also makes it more comfortable in cold weather and protects the back of your neck from the sun in summer. If lined with a little silk the collar will not chafe your neck, as it does in its ordinary rough state.

If the tape of your puttees gets frayed and begins to look untidy, cut it off and wear a pair of neat brown breeches-straps instead. If you are mounted, see that the top of the puttee is well below your knee.

Your peaked cap should be raised at the front by having a flat piece of metal put inside the band. This will help to keep the top of the cap flat and prevent it showing the top of your head.

The cap badge should be fixed above the chin strap, so that the latter may be easily dropped in case you are galloping about in blowy weather.

Wellington boots are preferable to elastic-sided ones, as they fill the overalls out at the bottom. Get solid nickel dress spurs, as they will not rust.

A 2½ in. collar with two hooks makes a great improvement to your tunic. I have had one put on by a military tailor for two shillings.

A blue patrol jacket with breast-pockets is a useful addition to your kit. If you are in the Yeomanry or Horse Artillery you will be able to wear shoulder chains with this.

I find it a useful garment for attending military "smokers," Cinderella dances, and similar functions, as well as for wearing under my great-coat when walking out.

There are several London and Aldershot firms who supply the above jackets, as well as walking-out spurs, whips, &c., and they are pretty reasonable in price.

When walking out you do not require to fill your pockets with as much as you do when in civilian clothes.

Money, cigarettes, matches, and handkerchief (which you will carry up your sleeve) are really all that is necessary.

Always carry a whip or stick, and if you are wearing your great-coat keep it buttoned up.

Nothing looks worse or brings more ridicule on the "Terrier" than to see him walking up the main streets with his cap on the back of his head and his great-coat flying open.

Try and copy the style of the Regular soldier, and you will not go far wrong.

LL. N. BOUSTEAD.

By JOHN L. HORNIBROOK.

The two men—big game hunters, both of them—came face to face in the Canadian clearing, and eyed each other coldly from under their fur caps. They had known each other long, but never as friends. There was an old standing rivalry between them, and a touch of bitterness had been added to it of late.

Down at Fort Albany, where both had their headquarters, each had been attracted in his own way by the bright eyes of Eileen O'Gorman, Governor O'Gorman's daughter. It was only a passing fancy, perhaps, but each had carried it with him into the wilds, and nourished it in secret by his lonely camp fire. Each, too, knew it was stored away in the other's heart.

Neither had mentioned the subject so far. The reserve of the backwoodsman does not easily thaw. Seward, too, the big, long-limbed Canadian, was not much given to talking at any time. And Alan Kendrick, lithe, active, and quicker in every way, had all the native-born Englishman's prejudice against opening his heart to his fellow-hunter.

It was chance—or fate, perhaps—which had brought them together in the clearing. Their attitude towards each other showed a certain restraint, a latent consciousness of rivalry. Neither spoke. They stood apart, each regarding the other with the steady, observant eye of the hunter.

Kendrick was the first to speak.

"Didn't know you were out, Seward," he said.

"How long have you been on the trail?"

"Three days," answered the other.

"You had a day's start of me. There was a kick-up at the Governor's—sort of hop, you know—and I waited for that. After skins?"

"Yes."

"S'm I."

There was silence again for a space. The old rivalry between them as to which would get the better haul of skins had cropped up once more. It was in the mind of each at the moment; but there was something else behind it on this occasion, which gave it a keener edge.

"There's signs of bear about," Kendrick said, running his eye round the clearing. "Noticed it?"

Seward nodded. He had been trailing a bear all the afternoon; a huge brute, too, judging by the tracks.

"I've been following up the trail these two hours," remarked Kendrick.

"So have I," put in Seward.

"You have! Since when?"

"Since mid-day."

Kendrick looked at him steadily for a moment. Then he broke into a light laugh, but there was a jarring note in it.

"We're both on the same lay, I see," he observed.

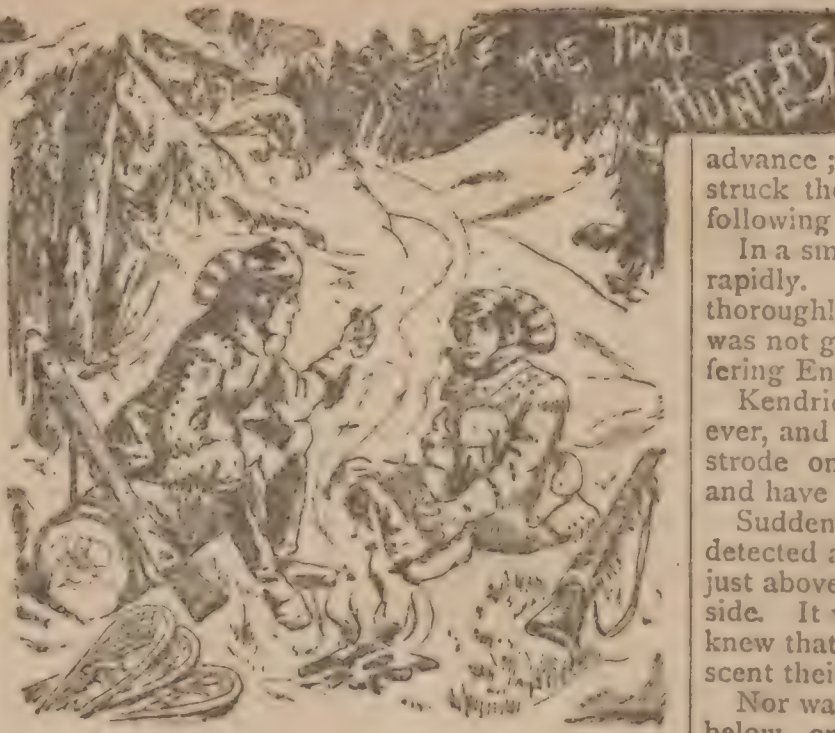
"What is that?"

"No need to pretend ignorance, Seward. It's not Master Bruin's skin only you are after this time. You want the claws as well. They make pretty ornaments, you know—for ladies."

Seward flushed like a schoolboy. Kendrick was a bit heated, too, and for a moment there was a steady glint in his grey eye. He controlled himself, however, and passed it over with another short laugh.

"Well, we won't quarrel over it," he said. "I guess we'd better camp in the clearing here for the night, and make an even start in the morning. I'll leave you to follow the trail we are on, as you were the first to strike it. That's only fair. I'll trust to luck to fetch up with another bear; there's more than one of them about, or I'm much mistaken."

Seward agreed readily enough. For the night they would lay their rivalry aside. Each knew it would be renewed with vigour in the morning, but no thought of distrusting his fellow crossed his mind. The last thing in the world that either would have dreamt of would be to try and steal a



march on his rival, or attempt to take any unfair advantage.

So, as it was nearing nightfall already, they unslung their packs in the clearing, and set about kindling their camp fire. The truce between them was a whole-hearted one. They were not men to nourish any petty rancour. Like brothers almost, they shared their provisions; and then, as they sat by the spluttering log fire, they fell to yarning of big game shooting, while the icy north wind crooned and moaned through the pines around them.

The cold, grey dawn of those northern latitudes had scarcely superseded night before both were on the move. They wished to make an early start, so as to put in a long day.

They were less disposed to exchange remarks over the morning meal. With the experienced eye of the backwoodsman each was noting the conditions of the weather and the direction of the wind. Canadian and Englishman recognised that he was on his mettle, and that this day would decide the long-standing rivalry between them.

Kendrick opened the breech of his rifle, and snapped it to again. Then he stood up, swung the pack on his shoulders, and hitched it into position.

"I'm off," he said. "I'll work round to the westward, and strike the open country to the north. Good luck, Seward."

"Good luck to you."

Seward, leaning on his rifle, watched the athletic form of the Englishman disappear. He knew that he did not show to advantage beside Kendrick. He was a man slow of speech, slow in manner, but amazingly quick when he sighted game. His rifle would have to stand his friend that day if he was to retain his position in the eyes of the Fort Albany people.

Then he shouldered his pack, and picked up the trail he had been following on the previous afternoon. It led him straight through the pine forest. He was glad to find himself alone on the track. Kendrick had branched off to the westward in the hope of picking up another trail. Each would follow his own line. There was little fear, therefore, that they would meet.

All through the long forenoon he kept steadily on the trail. His hunter's eye told him that the tracks were now fresh, and that he was coming up with his quarry.

After a brief halt he took up the trail again, and struck out across the snow-capped ridges and intervening hollows. The bear appeared to have headed for a hill some few miles away, around the base of which there was a thick cover of brushwood. Stunted pines fringed the lower sides of the hill, and above them rose the bald, snow-covered peak.

Seward, his eyes on the trail, had approached within a mile of the hill. Then he looked up, and saw something which brought the hot blood to his face.

In the distance before him, following the same trail, and already approaching the belt of brushwood, was Kendrick. The Englishman, swifter on foot, had worked his way round in advance; and, whether intentionally or not, had struck the trail which Seward himself had been following since the previous day.

In a smouldering passion he covered the ground rapidly. Hard as it was to rouse him, he was thoroughly roused now. His blood was up. He was not going to be balked by this damned interfering Englishman.

Kendrick had already reached the cover, however, and plunged into the brushwood. Seward strode on, determined to overtake him in time and have it out with him.

Suddenly he stopped. His quick eye had detected a pair of scollop-shaped horns appearing just above the summit of the hill from the farther side. It was an elk, browsing in the snow. He knew that if there were bears about they would scent their prey, and stalk the beast.

Nor was he wrong. Out of the belt of pines below, on the near side, stole a huge, brown, ungainly form. It was the bear.

In its awkward, unwieldy fashion it began to climb the snow-covered slope. Every few seconds it paused, and raised its head as if to make sure that its unconscious prey was still on the hilltop.

For a moment Seward wondered what had become of the Englishman. Then he saw him. Out from the pines, on hands and knees, crept Kendrick, trailing his rifle behind him.

With the skill of the born hunter he stalked the bear up the hill. There was little use, he knew, in risking a shot from behind. He must wait until the brute turned.

Man and bear, each intent on stalking his prey, moved slowly up the hillside. It was a sight which at any other time would have held Seward breathless. Now it maddened him. The prize—his prize—was about to be snatched from him.

His rifle went up to his shoulder; but the aim was not upon the bear.

His finger was on the trigger, his eye glinting along the barrel, when—down came the rifle in an instant. A quick sound broke from him as he jerked up his head. For out of the pines came a second bear, and began to stalk the stalker.

Kendrick, unconscious of everything but the bear in front, crawled on. He had got himself into a tight fix, wedged in between the two brutes; but—he had only himself to thank for it.

That was the thought that crossed Seward's mind, but only for a moment.

The next second he was racing for the hill, with the set face of a man who races against death. He did not dare to shout. That would only make things worse.

Kendrick crawled on, watching his opportunity to get in a flank shot at the bear in front. And after came the second bear, its red tongue lolling out, its hot breath beating on the snow.

The first warning of his danger came with startling suddenness. The crack of a rifle broke the stillness. He whipped round; and there, close behind him, a bear was rearing itself on its hind legs, clawing the air, and striving to maintain its balance.

From a point a little to the westward came the crack of the rifle again, and a tiny puff of smoke. The bear was hit squarely this time. The brute toppled over, and rolled down the hillside.

Seward came walking across the snow. Kendrick had taken in the situation at a glance. He knew that he owed his life to the Canadian. That was all he thought of at the moment.

He glanced towards the hilltop, over which the first bear had disappeared by this time. Then he turned to meet Seward.

"Thanks, old man," he said simply. "Your bear. You can take the skin back to Albany—claws too. I'll go after the other brute."

It was many months before Kendrick returned to Fort Albany, and then he brought no present of bear's claws with him. Seward had forestalled him in that and other things.

SOME RANDOM ANECDOTES
OF LONDON LIFE.

You can't drive a 'bus through London's streets for nigh on twenty year without seeing a thing or two (said the 'bus-driver, as he spent a leisure hour with me in the bar-parlour of a tavern in the Kensington High Street). You can split things up into two kinds, pleasant and otherwise; sometimes we see the pleasant, but just as often the otherwise.

When I started I was pretty green, and I didn't know that a driver is expected to tip the stablemen who look after his horses.

Besides, me and my missus were that poor just then that I wasn't likely to go pioneering in the tipping line unless I knew that custom made it necessary.

There was one stableman who seemed to take a special ill-will to me. It started because I didn't tip him, I dare say, but I'd have done it if he'd only told me what he wanted straight out. The bad feeling grew, and there was always something wrong with the harness when it was him that put the horses to, and I had always to set something to rights before I left the yard.

A BROKEN TRACE.

Well, one night he was waiting as usual in a side street with a fresh pair of horses, and there was a leer about him I didn't like—just as if he'd hit on a great joke at my expense. From the box I watched him change the team, saw that he did it right, and then I drove off.

The near-side horse was a youngster just over from Ireland, and he needed careful handling, but I got on with him all right till I turned a sharp corner at a fair pace. Then snap went the near-side trace, and the Irishman began dancing a hornpipe on his hind legs. The 'bus was full, inside and out, and there might have been a serious accident. As it was, one old lady went into hysterics.

We emptied the 'bus, and I took one of the lamps and examined the broken trace.

It had been cut more than half-way through, and the remaining piece had broken with the first jerk. There was nothing for it but to mend the trace as best we could and take the 'bus back to the yard.

GETTING MY OWN BACK.

At the gate was the stableman, grinning fit to burst. I was only a slip of a chap then, and he was a big brute, but beery. But my temper was up, and I set about him in fine style; in the end I kicked him out of the gate, and told him I'd give him twice as much if ever I set eyes on him again—and he never came back. Perhaps he saw that I'd found out how the trace had broken, and was afraid I'd tell the boss.

I was explaining the reason of this little rough-and-tumble to another driver, and from him I learnt for the first time about the tipping. I've always tipped since that day, and I've had no further trouble with the stablemen wherever I've worked.

My next little adventure was of a more serious kind, but with a happier outcome.

Two men were sitting behind me one night, talking away as if nobody was within a mile of them.

A BIT OF LUCK.

I've often noticed how loud people talk on a 'bus, the clatter makes them raise their voices, but they raise them more than they need do.

I wasn't paying much attention to what the men were saying till I heard something that made me prick up my ears.

"Never mind about the jewellery," said one, "it's the cups that'll pay us. His nob's won them at the races, and he'll pay anything to get them back."

"Well, well," said the other, "I leave all that to you. We should reach Woldingham Station at 10.30, and it's not above a mile to the Hall. You'll be under the clock at Victoria to-morrow night at nine, then?"

With that he bade his friend good night and got down.

THE 'BUS-DRIVER'S YARN



I thought about it all the evening, and discussed it with my old girl when I got home.

The upshot was that I went to Scotland Yard at the dinner hour next day and told them exactly what I had heard.

Four detectives were sent to Woldingham Hall straight away, and that night they caught my two former passengers just as they were being let in at the pantry window by a servant in the know.

The gentleman who lived in the house said I was the means of saving him from losing certain valued trophies, and he made me, through the police, a very handsome present, the bulk of which I handed over to the missus, because it was through her advice I acted as I did.

A REGULAR PASSENGER.

Talking of presents, that's not the only one I've had.

Every morning and evening for the better part of a year an old lady used to ride behind me.

I say a lady, though I believe she went to clean offices, for you couldn't fail to notice from her speaking that she had seen better times.

We used to chat a lot, but she never spoke of her own circumstances, and every Friday (which I suppose was her pay-day) she would hand me a bag of biscuits for the kiddies. Of course I took them, if only not to offend her.

Well, one morning she wasn't in her usual place, nor did she turn up when the evening came. (I should say here that she went into the City twice daily, at dawn and dusk, on my 'bus, though she usually walked on the homeward journey.)

I worried about her being away, for I'd got to like the little old lady, and I'd have made inquiries if I'd only known her address, but I didn't. She didn't turn up for about a month; then one morning she was back in her old place, much better dressed.

BETTER TIMES.

She told me a nephew who had never done anything for her during his life had just died. As she was his only relative, she'd got all his money, and she didn't have to work any longer for a living.

Each Friday after that she used to make a point of riding on my 'bus, and she always gave me some present for myself or the kiddies—not biscuits now, but nice things we couldn't afford.

She gave me a silver watch one time, because, she said, I looked like a son of hers who had died. She kept up this present-giving for about three months; then I noticed that her health began to fail. Possibly the lack of work gave her too much time to brood over her sorrows; anyhow, the weekly trips ceased after a time, and I miss her in more ways than one.

I don't know why it should be, but everybody seems to think a 'bus-driver must be a betting man.

For my own part my Turf speculations seldom amount to more than a shilling a week, but I'd need a small fortune if I was to follow all the tips I get.

I know one driver who makes a lot by acting as a bookmaker on the sly, but that's his business and his passengers', not mine.

I don't usually act on a tip given to me by a passenger whom I don't know, but I did on one occasion.

It was a nasty, wet, foggy kind of a day, and to cheer myself up I began chatting with a little,

wizened, badly-dressed old man who sat behind me. He was, I soon discovered, a horsey man, so we had one sympathy in common at least.

I got out of him that he'd been in several big racing stables in his day, and had at one time even been in business as a trainer. But things had not prospered with him, and he was now on his way to apply for a job as a coachman.

He shivered where he sat, and I thought by the look of him that he hadn't seen a square meal for the last day or two, so I slipped a shilling into his hand and told him to have a good breakfast, so as to look his best when he asked for the job.

"I can't thank you," he said, with a tear in the corner of his eye, "but I'll give you a tip for the Cesarewitch. Back Gotten Gain."

"Well, I did, and I put no less than five shillings on him—a big sum for me, but, as sporting men may remember, the horse started at 20 to 1, and got home first, so I didn't regret the bob I gave the old chap."

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Speaking of betting recalls a certain Derby Day which I won't forget in a hurry.

A young toff was sitting behind me, and as we passed along Fleet Street the newsboys came rushing out of Whitefriars Street with the result. I already knew it, as my conductor had got it from a man we picked up in Ludgate Hill.

"Have you heard the result?" I asked the chap behind me.

"No," he said, "what is it?" And I noticed that he looked white like.

"Volodyovski," says I.

Just then another passenger sat down beside him and opened an evening paper. The young chap snatched it from him and turned to the Stop-Press result. Then he begged the owner's pardon, handed back the paper as polite as you like, and drew out a little bottle. From this he took a couple of pellets and swallowed them. He sat quite still for a minute or two, and then he fell over—dead.

At the inquest, which I had to go to, it came out that he had embezzled money, and had staked everything on a loser in the hope of being able to pay back.

A LIFE TRAGEDY.

There was one old chap, with white hair, clean-shaven cheeks, and a twitching mouth, who startled me rather badly one night. He began chatting quite amiably, but you couldn't fail to notice from his eyes that there was a nut off the bolt somewhere.

"Do you know, driver," he says, "this road has a strange fascination for me? It was just along at the 'Elephant' there that the girl I was going to marry was run down and killed by a 'bus of this very line. It was before your time, however. I was a different man then," he went on with a sigh, "and I think losing her must have made me see everything differently. Anyhow, life has never been the same."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Well, presently we reached the Elephant, and he sticks his head over beside me and points in front of him.

"Look, look!" he yelled. "There she is! Man, don't you see her? You'll be running her down. Pull up, for the love of mercy! She's under your horses' feet!—You devil! You've killed her!"

And before I knew what was happening he had his hands about my throat and was squeezing the breath out of me.

It isn't easy to tackle a case like that when the man's above and behind you, and your hands are full of the reins, but luckily a policeman had noticed him yelling, and bolted aboard in time to drag him off.

I need hardly say that I ran nobody down; the person my unhappy passenger saw was purely a creation of his own crazy thoughts.

R. BURROW.

HOW TO PREVENT THE "FLU."

SOME TIMELY PRECAUTIONS.

The inevitable winter epidemic of influenza becomes less widespread as the days lengthen, and eventually disappears altogether when summer is fully upon us. It flourishes in the cold weather because then people delight in congregating in stuffy rooms and in keeping out all fresh air.

In this we have our first clue to the best way of avoiding the disease. While it is about, do not attend theatres, public meetings, or dances; do not patronise public-houses; and do not ride in the inside of buses, trams, or smoking carriages.

Where several people are assembled during an epidemic there is almost certain to be one in whom influenza is more or less developed. In the heated air the bacilli rapidly multiply, and the healthy members of the party breathe them in whether they wish to or not. Smoking carriages are dangerous at all times, because of the disgusting habit which many people have of spitting.

You may fortify yourself against the disease by maintaining your general health with exercise, good food, and fresh air, and you should above all things avoid being hungry. The City worker who took his breakfast and dashes to his office develops about eleven o'clock an uncomfortable feeling of emptiness. From then till lunch-time he is peculiarly liable to succumb to the "Flu" should there be a stray bacillus in the room.

Should there have been a case of influenza in your office, it is almost certain that the disease is latent in several apparently healthy members of the staff, for the chances are that the victim spread the malady before he finally gave in and stopped at home.

Under such circumstances, it will be necessary to take even greater precautions than the above. You will be well-advised to wash your mouth out from time to time with some antiseptic dentifrice, and, if the other men do not object too strenuously, you might do worse than put some eucalyptus on your handkerchief. Less offensive to the nostrils, and almost equally effective, is cinnamon, little pieces of which may be chewed from time to time.

While not an absolute safeguard, it has been established by several practitioners that quinine is a fairly reliable preventive. A couple of grains taken each morning will greatly minimise the chances of your being attacked. It is possible to get quinine either in the form of pills or capsules, which enable you to take your dose without making wry faces.

The eating of oranges is also extremely useful as a precautionary measure. Should it be inconvenient to consume several of these daily you may get from your chemist tincture of orange, in which the essential element of the fruit is embodied.

The Oxford man who is in training for rowing always consumes a large quantity of oranges, and though the halfpenny Press is apt to exaggerate their value as a form of diet when the Boat Race fever is on, they are certainly an excellent preventative.

In speaking at the telephone do not put your lips closer to the receiver than is necessary, and while you are not in the act of speaking turn the receiver away from your mouth altogether. It is notorious how telephone receivers become impregnated with microbes which are ever on the outlook for a more comfortable resting place.

Smoking, in moderation, helps to prevent an attack, for there are in the smoke slight traces of a harmless antiseptic.

Drinking, on the other hand, is not to be recommended. The plentiful use of alcohol during the course of the disease itself is a matter upon which medical opinion is divided, but there can be little doubt but that the reaction which follows the taking of an alcoholic stimulant lays one open to receiving the foundations of the disease.

Above all things keep happy. Cheerfulness has a large medical value, for the man who is depressed in mind is also undergoing a depression of physical vitality, and is consequently less able to combat the dangers of infection.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.



THEATRICAL CRITICISM: Woebegone coster to pal, as they descend the gallery steps after witnessing a depressing play—"Well! you would come."

IRISH PORTER, at small country station; dark night, no name decipherable: "Is there anybody there for here?"

TOURIST, to small boy: "Please tell me the quickest way to reach the station, my boy?"
BOY: "Run like the Devil."

INEBRIATED YOUTH, at bar, knowing he has had enough, yet loath to leave: "Missie (hic), will you—er—do me a favour?"

BARMAID: "Certainly sir, if I can."
YOUTH: "Please don't (hic) serve me."

The friends of a youth who often drank more than was good for him were advised to try the effect of a shock on him to try to cure.

Seizing an opportunity when he was asleep one afternoon, they fired off a small signal cannon within a foot of him.

Immediately after the explosion he stirred slightly and said: "Not *all* the soda, please, miss."

LOVE-SICK DENTIST (absent-mindedly pulling out teeth of patient under gas): "She loves me. She loves me not. She loves— Good lord, I've pulled all his teeth out!"

HOUSE SURGEON (to patient): "Well, and what is your occupation?"
PATIENT: "Oh, standing abart."

A barber found himself suddenly without an assistant. He telephoned an agency to send up a man at once. Some time after a very tired-looking man arrived as the barber was shaving a customer.

"What shall I do?" said the man.
"Oh, clean and polish that tap first."

The new assistant very slowly indeed removed his coat and hat and put on an apron. He then had a good gaze at the tap; then, having carefully selected a rag, softly and slowly he wiped the tap. By this time the customer had gone. The barber looked at the man's work, and said, "Here, that's not the way; give me the rag," and after a minute's energetic rubbing he stood back to show the brightness thereof. "There, that's the way."

The tired-looking assistant proceeded to remove his apron.

"What are you doing?" said the barber.
"Well," said the man, "you've done it."

"And do you think," asked the sweet young thing, "that short skirts make ladies look longer?"
The brute thought hard for a bit.
"I don't," he said at last; "but certainly they make the men look longer."

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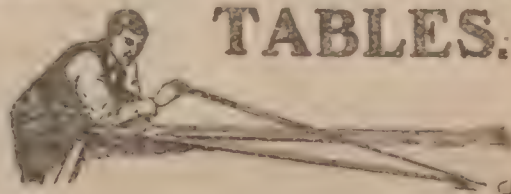
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A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

One of these days Joe Taylor is going to make me a suit of clothes. When I pass the little many-paned window of his shop in the grey, evil-smelling street in the Bloomsbury district, it is the white-faced Joe who taps on the window with the long shears and calls me in.

I enter, smoking like the proverbial house on fire. I believe in tobacco as a slayer of malignant microbes.

The trouble is that Joe Taylor considers he owes me a debt of gratitude.

He wants to pay it by making me a wondrous suit, with raised seams that shall stand out in relief—"under-arm seams" and two half-circle seams meeting, like a schoolboy's attempt to solve a Euclid problem, in the centre, "described from the two points A and B at the ends of a given straight line." The "given straight line" is, of course, the back edging (braided in this case) of the coat which, Joe Taylor seems determined, shall outshine the Biblical Joseph's.

"Ach—and kvite vree!" he says. "No gelt will I make out of a goot Christian vat vant to gif me five sheelin when I had nozings!"

Joe lifts his hands above his head expressively. He does not forget when he had "nozings." He will never return to that stage. He can scrape and save—thus forging the steel which he will sharpen soon to strike at his English-born competitors.

It is useless for me to reiterate that the five shillings and the loan thereof is, now, as nothing to me, it having been faithfully repaid long ago in instalments of four weekly ninepences and two shillings in a lump sum when "goot pishness" in the shape of a "funeral order" set the concern fairly on its feet.

Yet one day I fear I shall be forced to have that suit. He has my measurements. I tremble at the sight of every Carter, Paterson van I meet now.

It was youth, which, in the case of very young men, does not appreciate the niceties of class distinctions, that made me friendly with a large family of Polish Jews who had about as much a right to the name of Harverson as Joe had to his nominal inclusion in the vast Taylor family.

Vaughan Harverson, of the pronounced Semitic countenance, elicited my cupboard-friendship because Harverson's was a free house to all accepted friends, and the family passed their lives partaking of tea and toast from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Visitors had merely to demand of the unwashed Esther, the sixty-year-old maid, a cup which, if dirty, they washed themselves, and bore into the dining-room, together with a generous round of the much-buttered toast that stood in heaped layers in a perpetually-heated rack.

Society was mixed, Gentile and Jew commingling in a sympathy bound by the faint odour of over-stewed tea (with the juice of lemons squeezed therein) and the pungent reek of hot, buttered toast.

The fireside at the Harversons, therefore, was cosmopolitan in the extreme. Israel Harverson himself, lord of the *ménage*, squatted always in the broken-sprunged arm-chair by the left-hand side. I can see, now, the kindly, if dull, Oriental eyes; the rather snub nose (unlike the Jewish beak portrayed by fiendish caricaturists); the thick lips; the livid, somewhat greasy, countenance whereon long black hairs grew at irregular intervals in a manner that suggested dimly a Chinaman's beard.

Always barring the lack of a pigtail lump surmounting the low, broad forehead, Israel might well have been a Celestial of uncertain years—frock-coated. He possessed an ample waist measurement, wore red Morocco slipshoes, and a glance at his fat hands was sufficient to convince the most unobservant that none but the most enthusiastic of manicurists would have attempted the apparently hopeless task that they presented.

Opposite was his spouse. "Old" Harverson never addressed her by any baptismal name excepting when he was conversing with her in

A Back Door of England



Yiddish or in her native tongue. Then one caught an occasional "Katrinka," which, Anglicised, means "Katherine," I believe.

Their patois was as cosmopolitan as the house, consisting as it did of a hotch-potch of Russian, German, and Yiddish. Her English was of the broken-accented type, incapable of the "th." When any inter-family matter was being discussed they used his patois, fondly imagining that the English-born present did not understand. But in time even the greengrocer's callow assistant, who entered the room without knocking, followed it almost to the letter, and had the "shipping order" written down long ere Israel translated it.

Money matters were usually the subject of voluble discussion. It was easy to follow always that Katrinka wanted so many "pint"—pounds—to carry on the house—a wave of an olive, ringed hand—or to buy boots for Vaughan—a downward indication of the fat fingers—or a suit of clothes for the same youth—a Maud Allanish movement with both arms, from shoulders to heels.

Israel's wife was, like the rest of the family, tea-stained, distinctive only in her frizzy hair and gaudy-patterned blouses, the colours thereof bravely fighting to get through the tannin patches. Yet she was a goodly woman in her way, ever ready, anxious, and often persistent in the bleak winter to line the waistcoats of all and sundry, Gentile and Jew, with red flannel.

The family, from the bearded-in-patches and eldest "Issy" to the youngest and "kvite Eenglish" Vaughan, were of one cast of countenance, with the exception of David—"so clevere"—who at the dawn of one memorable year sat down amid the tea and toast to study, and at the end of it headed the list of the Civil Service Second Division passes in all England, and, in course of time, became a minor authority at St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.

He had the black, wavy hair of the impresario, and the clear cut nostrils of the cultured Pole. I have never heard his sympathetic rendering of "The Spring Song" beaten since he played it to a tea-stained audience of Zion on a night preceding the Day of Lamentations in the garishly ornamented room—smoke-festooned and pungently odoured—which formed a back door of England, upon which the alien never knocked for admission in vain.

Thus, our fireside was ever changing. You, who sit in your arm-chairs and say we must "sweep these filthy aliens out of the country," should have seen those who gathered round that fireside beneath the fatherly eye of old Harverson and the motherly wing of the gesticulating Katrinka, his wife.

There were representatives of all those who, as it is written, have become wanderers upon the face of the earth. Born in Russia—and fresh from the cut of the knout; Poland—and bearing the scars of their persecution; Roumania—and fearful still of every clattering noise in the house or marching footstep outside. Yet of one nation

confessed, one people, one ~~language~~ one blood-brotherhood, and one undeniable claim on any member of that brotherhood sufficiently powerful to lend a helping hand; nor was that hand ever withheld.

It was upon this back door of England that my friend Joe Taylor knocked one winter's evening.

My visits had become less frequent to the cosmopolitan fireside of the Harversons, but the mischance of a snowstorm took me to the ever available house of refuge. Quite mechanically I washed up one of the two dozen or so dirty cups and saucers, and, selecting a generous slab of the eternal toast, I entered unannounced as always.

Still Israel—it was a Friday night and the Jewish Sabbath had commenced at sundown—read the law with his hat on as usual. Still the fragrant assistant Rabbi muttered unintelligibly at intervals.

I should have backed out of the room again, but long experience had taught me that the ceremonies were almost over. Israel shut his book, Katrinka sighed deeply, Vaughan took the expression of sanctity off his unlovely countenance, and the assistant Rabbi smiled a toothy smile.

Israel took not the slightest notice of me. One drifted in and out of that room on occasion, apparently unobserved, so this matter did not upset me, although no man could have felt at home in an English house after a reception of that sort.

But the reading of the law and the sing-song cadence was hardly over when Israel became more excited than the antiquity of his greasy frock-coat allowed. He waved his arm, and something gave way. He did not notice it.

Katrinka was talking about twenty-four to the dozen. The assistant Rabbi's hands expressed horror. Then they clenched in anger. There was the light of vengeance on his black-bearded face, and the over-wide sleeves flapped about his somewhat bony arms.

Vaughan, the usually complacent, paced up and down the apartment and shook a somnolent "regular" of the fireside into wakefulness.

When he relapsed into English, I gathered that something was "cruel, damnable, inhuman, and outrageous!"

I asked him what he meant.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough," he said. A door in the corner led into an ante-room. Raising a hand, it was the assistant Rabbi who entered first, and Israel followed. Next in order were his wife, Vaughan, myself, and the somnolent Yiddish "regular" bringing up the rear.

A candle burned on the table in the centre of the little room, and a man sat by that table, his head bowed upon his hands.

His filthy coat of strange manufacture was torn into ribbons, with the lining showing here and there. His hands were cut, hideous to see; a gaping rent in a coat sleeve showed a lacerated arm, Nature fighting to heal itself under the most adverse conditions.

The man was weeping very bitterly, great sobs heaving his wretchedly-clad shoulders.

The assistant Rabbi tried to comfort him in some strange tongue, and pointed to the sofa.

For the first time I noticed a huddled up form thereon—towsled black hair appearing above a shawl. It was the man's wife. His grief broke out anew.

I looked questioningly at Vaughan. "All fair game," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "He comes from Russia. Some soldiers wanted a little sport, and—what matters it?—the man's only a Jew!"

It seemed useless to make any observation. I merely asked his name for want of a more helpful remark.

Israel said something perfectly impossible to the English tongue.

"That won't do," I said. "Call him Joe Taylor." "Zat name, den, is all vot he haz gott in de worlt," Israel observed.

I felt in my pocket and drew forth two half-crowns.

That is why one day Joe Taylor is going to make me a suit.



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4,170	..	..	8 0 0	12,666	..	..	7 15 0	4,635	..	..	12 0 0
4,493	..	..	5 15 0	9,569	..	..	50 0 0	5,049	..	..	21 5 4
4,736	..	..	5 5 0	9,855	..	..	25 13 0	5,824	..	..	11 15 0
5,712	..	..	5 0 0	10,049	..	..	155 5 0	6,949	..	..	21 17 6
5,865	..	..	10 0 0				<u>£238 13 0</u>	7,561	..	..	10 0 0
6,052	..	..	12 17 6					7,573	..	..	11 12 6
6,450	..	..	6 10 0					14,280	..	..	75 0 0
7,910	..	..	7 7 9					7,119	..	..	60 2 6
8,563	..	..	39 15 0								<u>£223 12 10</u>
9,275	..	..	19 10 0								
9,667	..	..	38 15 0								
10,392	..	..	28 18 4								
10,762	..	..	59 0 0								
31,526	..	..	30 0 0								
12,527	..	..	42 19 0								
13,425	..	..	150 0 0								
			<u>£469 12 7</u>								
N. R.				R. R. W.				W. J. W.			
Cheques.	..	..	Amount.	Cheques.	..	..	Amount.	Cheques.	..	..	Amount.
1,326	..	..	6 18 8	2,490	..	..	8 12 0	1,381	..	..	19 0 0
2,587	..	..	24 0 0	6,235	..	..	7 10 0	5,506	..	..	18 0 0
3,642	..	..	19 16 6	7,129	..	..	39 0 0	7,710	..	..	39 9 6
7,168	..	..	29 17 0	7,291	..	..	10 0 0	9,929	..	..	50 0 0
			<u>£80 12 2</u>	10,312	..	..	28 0 0	9,748	..	..	75 10 0
				11,668	..	..	26 10 0	11,704	..	..	65 7 6
							<u>£119 12 0</u>	12,499	..	..	7 10 0
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											<u>£497 12 11</u>
				W. F. W.							
				Cheques.	..	..	Amount.				
				468	..	..	28 0 0				
				1,715	..	..	24 11 0				
				2,390	..	..	32 10 0				
				3,380	..	..	27 10 0				
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The SPIRIT OF THE MUSIC HALL

AN ANALYSIS.

For a long time I have been concerned to find the reason for the ever-growing popularity of the music-hall.

That there is a reason, and one that cannot easily be defined, I am convinced.

Of course there are several obvious advantages over the theatre, such as freedom for smoking and drinking, a continuous programme instead of tiresome waits between the acts, and plenty of variety; but these things do not provide the entire explanation.

It cannot be gainsaid that a big slice of the average music-hall entertainment is deadly dull, and that the thing most productive of laughter is vulgarity.

Yet quite half the audience is composed of women, none of whom is allowed to smoke, and few of whom drink, so that the attractiveness of a variety show must extend over a larger area than those privileges.

That women as a whole are amused by vulgarity to an extent equal if not greater than men is not a very chivalrous observation, but I firmly believe it to be true.

The first signal of a spicy joke is generally received by a shrill shriek from some female up above; the comedian with a reputation for indecent suggestion is looked forward to with delight by the majority of the fair sex.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE VIEW POINTS.

This is in some measure due, I think, to the fact that the women are rather fascinated by his daring. Their admiration is titillated by his impudence.

Men, more often, when they laugh at vulgarity, laugh at what little wit there is hidden in it.

I am making no pedantic complaint. In the most refined individuals there are veins of vulgarity, just as in the coarse there are strange elements of purity.

So, because variety shows contain a good deal of low humour this is more an explanation of their popularity than the reverse.

Nevertheless, you would not find many to confess that they like the music-hall only for the hints of indecency they get there. There is something else.

What is it? It cannot be the dullness, though it is well to remember that what is dull for one person is enjoyable to another.

WHAT THE GODS LOVE.

The "gods" notoriously are fond of sentimental songs and of patriotic songs, though the sentiment may be of a maudlin kind and the patriotism blatant bombast.

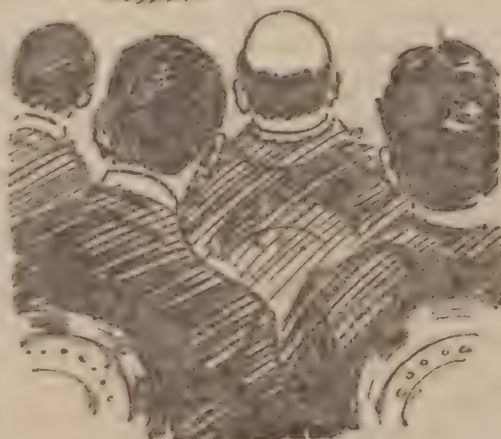
Musical turns, too, earn their appreciation. The louder it is the louder they cheer.

There is nothing in these facts to deserve a sneer. The emotions of those who lead a hard and comfortless existence are crude and simple, and it is easy to imagine that a music-hall performance leads colour to their lives, if only for an hour or two.

But there are a goodly number of people in a theatre of varieties besides those in the "gods," and their pleasure is not so readily analysed.

Acrobatic turns, duettists, jugglers, troupes of dancers, are watched with idle interest, but with an undercurrent of boredom.

A long course of boredom makes one physically weary, and I know plenty of individuals who say



they always come away from a variety show dog-tired. Yet they continue to go, and hardly know what attracts them.

Comedians are popular with all, and some of them are exceedingly funny. They mainly get themselves up in a grotesque fashion, which appeals to one's sense of the ridiculous. Yet their methods of gaining a laugh will not stand the slightest criticism.

They are slaves to formulae. They have three fetters of convention: the mother-in-law joke, the twins joke, the getting - drunk - and - going - home-at-three-in-the-morning joke.

When a comedian finds that his "business" is not going very well he immediately adds a little "spice" to make it tasty.

I was present at one of the foremost London music-halls the other evening, and in a critical frame of mind. Some of the best-known comedians (and comediennes) were there, and it was monotonous to see the similarity of their business.

IS THE MUSIC-HALL INDECENT?

One lady sang about a lady's stocking being her stock-in-trade; another was a lady burglar who was anxious to know what the men in the audience would do if they found her beneath their bed at night. The jokes of the comedians would not bear repetition in print.

The retort might be made that these things can only be considered indecent by indecent minds, but that is rank nonsense. None but the grossly ignorant could mistake their meaning, and none but the hopelessly blind could fail to see that these providers of our entertainment have gauged what the public want and have no scruples in giving it.

It is the public, not the artists, who are responsible, and the public could insist upon the elimination of this vulgarity if they so desired. But they don't, and probably never will, which throws an interesting light upon the human character.

THE CLAIMS OF THE SHOW.

I see I have returned to the question of vulgarity, of suggestiveness, of the *double entente*, if you prefer it put that way, and it seems to me that this, after all, is the spirit of the music-hall.

It is not that this is accepted as the open attraction, but such a spirit engenders feelings of lightness, carelessness, irresponsibility. It puts no strain upon the mind, but demands that one should be easily pleased.

Hence a variety show is only dull when one is critical. It must be accepted, as it is, and then one surrenders to the innocence of its amusement.

For, mark you, contradictory though it sounds, the very vulgarity of the music-hall is a proof of its innocence.

It skims the truths of life, it makes play of our natures, and isn't a bit afraid to show that we have strains in them that are not exactly dignified; it treats us as children by assuming that we like the same thing over and over again, and it isn't far wrong; and it gives us a mixture of brightness and folly which are sure relief for dull care.

Such being the case we cannot condemn the music-hall out of hand.

It has its merits if it has its many faults.

To a man at times it affords a harmless, if idle, relaxation, and is therefore useful.

In fact, the spirit of the music-hall is that it is human.

C. WOLFF.

WHEN JELKS PLAYS FOOTBALL;

OR, RATHER, TALKS ABOUT IT!

Everybody knows it—knows it for weeks before hand, and hears of it for all the months that intervene between one season and the next.

But it must be Rugby.

"Soccer!" he cries, with fine scorn. "Nothing in it—Rugby's the game."

He says it is because of his schooldays—that the reason he is so devoted to Rugby football is on account of the old and dear associations he has with "the school sacred to the *manes* of Arnold"—a pedantic ass is Jelks!

It's all bosh, of course, for to my certain knowledge the only time Jelks was ever in Rugby was once when he was travelling through, and got out to have some wholly unnecessary refreshment, and was left behind in consequence, to kill time or himself while waiting for another train, as he thought fit.

It's a pity he didn't trip on something as he walked about the platform, because he might have fallen in front of an express.

But, you see, Jelks is always horribly lucky. His friends never are.

He wandered as far as the outer gates of the grand old school, and then came back—these are all the associations Jelks has with Rugby.

That they are dear I admit, for they cost him pretty heavily, since he lost his ticket and had to pay twice over, and didn't reach his destination in time to see his moribund uncle, who left him out of his will as a punishment for his lack of feeling and due respect.

But to hear Jelks talk you'd think he had invented the game and that he was a sort of sporting Atlas and supported all the clubs in the country.

I believe he pays the subscription to his own—not because I think Jelks is an honourable man, but because I know the secretary.

He prates of "passing" until the uninitiated imagine him to be a mesmerist.

He is a source of grave anxiety on the field to his captain and the referee, owing to his erratic moves.

In fact, he can talk Rugby football a good deal better than he can play it.

Personally he thinks he is another Alan Rotherham, and that the way he "feeds" is equal to anything he did in the palmy days of Rugby football.

Jelks says his team is indeed fortunate in having him on their side—no one has ever seen him do anything that at all resembles that dead hero's achievements—but that is nothing to Jelks.

He is chock full of maxims—mostly pilfered—and he puts them into awful rhymes, such as:

"In a scrumage get there first;

Gain the first push, if you burst."

I think he intends to publish what he calls *The Verses of Footer*.

Jelks also aspires to the post of captain, but it will be on the playing fields of another existence that he gains his desire and not on this globe.

He modestly suggests that he would be satisfied to be a "touch judge" failing aught else, but those that hear him, "touch wood."

Jelks is remarkable for something besides his rotten verses, and that's his picture gallery. It's composed of photographs—all of Jelks.

He's been taken in every sort of sweater, jersey and shorts that were ever put on the market, and in all attitudes and at divers times.

"Jelks as a half-back" is the legend under one.

"Jelks dribbling" is another.

"Jelks as somebody else" ought to be scrawled across several, because Jelks never did carry a flag, and certainly never attained the proud eminence which the whistle gives a man.

But Jelks will be photographed, and Jelks will talk Rugby long after he has grown too old and too vast in girth to play it.

And when he hears the whistle of the Last Grim Referee, he will retire still arguing the merits of Rugby over Soccer.

SIGISMUND SMITH.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

FOR THE MUSCLES OF UPPER ARM AND SHOULDER.

Stand erect and extend the arms in line with the shoulders, the fists being clenched and the knuckles uppermost.

Now bend the arms so as to bring the fists up under the arm-pits, as depicted in the sketch, doubling the wrists inwards until the knuckles actually touch the arm-pits.

The elbows must remain unmoved throughout, so that the upper arms are still horizontal and only the forearms and hands are moved.

Then return the arms slowly to the starting position, so that they are once more in a straight line. The muscles chiefly benefited are those at the back of the shoulder and the top of the arm, and also the triceps.

If you possess them, you will, of course, use dumb-bells for this exercise, as also for the third one given on this page. Even running corks may be used with advantage.



Do this slowly.



A BALANCING TRICK.

This trick is not one of those which have a distinct developing effect on any one set of muscles, but it provides a certain amount of exercise as well as amusement.

It is simply a question of balance and is by no means easy to accomplish.

Take a strong wooden chair and place it with the two front legs on the ground and the back uppermost. It is essential for obvious reasons that the chair should be as solid as possible, and that it should have cross-pieces between the front and back legs.

Now place a cork or a screw stopper on the top bar of the back.

Kneel on the back legs of the chair and grasp the sides of the back with your hands.

Bend down and endeavour to pick up the stopper in your mouth.

This is a splendid trick for Christmas gatherings, as it causes endless amusement, since most people lose their balance and pitch forward.

It is an excellent means of obtaining a broken nose, but if you put out your hands to save yourself when you feel you are going, there is more danger of hurting the chair than yourself. You will need, of course, to keep your weight



Bad for the chair!

back as much as possible, and not to bring your head forward until it is over the stopper, and then bend down.

The muscles of the thigh and biceps are then chiefly exercised.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet together and the arms extended horizontally. The fists must be clenched and the arms absolutely straight.

Throw the head back and the chest out as much as possible.

Now lunge forward and to the left with the left foot, and at the same time turn the shoulders and bend forward so as to bring the left arm down, as shown in the sketch, while the right arm is extended above the head.

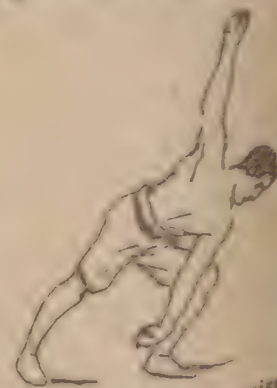
The arms should remain as far as possible in one straight line.

Then recover smartly to the starting position, bringing the arms back to the horizontal and the feet together.

Now lunge with the other foot and bring the right arm down, while the left arm goes up. The leg muscles will benefit to a certain extent by the lungeing, but the exercise is chiefly intended for the muscles of the side and back.

It must be performed smartly and with a regular swing, one foot being brought forward after the other with a very short pause.

At each lunge allow the body to bend forward until the side is along the thigh and the knee almost touches the arm-pit.



A fine developing exercise.



IF YOU WERE DYING you would, no doubt be prepared to spend your last penny for a new lease of life. Purchase it now. When on your death-bed 'twill be too late. My course of Home Training will add years to your life—it is a certain guarantee of longevity.

BUY A LEASE OF LIFE!

My fee is low—results guaranteed. The health and increased energy my system gives, demands and receives an equivalent in every day business life which insures a return of my fee one hundred times over.

A course of my exercises will prove the most profitable investment you ever made.

It was the day before yesterday that physical culture meant only the making of abnormally strong men. To-day it has a practical meaning for everybody who indulges in sport—for the sedentary worker—and particularly for the man with any ailment or physical defect.

You must have felt the need for physical culture (to-day's meaning, please), and if so you are invited to investigate my system of Physical Culture, when I will show you how I bring every limb, muscle, and all the body to proper development and healthy tone, and pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit.

Ask for my Free Book, "HEALTH AT HOME," and terms.

Mail a card now for fear you forget—health is all important, and under my system, inexpensive to obtain and maintain.

T. INCH (Dept. M.M.), The Broadway, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

N.B.—The Editor of every known magazine of Physical Culture will vouch for my ability as a Physical Culture Expert, and 30,000 pupils are daily using my system and ENDORSING MY STATEMENTS.

WINTER FOR THE OPEN-AIR MAN.

THE SEASON THAT A STRONG MAN LOVES.

Unlike the millions who seem to retire into their houses with the approach of winter, like so many hedgehogs or badgers burrowing into the recesses of the roots of trees, or into disused fox-earths or rabbit-burrows, the sportsman, and particularly the man who draws health and vigour and full impressions of the scope of life from a close association with wild Nature, finds in winter what is probably the best of all the year's seasons for enjoyment. Winter is beautiful to a degree beyond the beauty of spring or summer or autumn, because a man must seek actively if he would find.

With pictures of a land smothered in spring blossom, or of the country thickly hung with foliage, ever in mind, winter will inevitably suffer by comparison, but Nature has her inexhaustible phases and attractions, and reserves many of them for the winter sportsman and the walker, who is abroad throughout the short days with his eyes wide open, his ears also, and his senses tuned to the less obvious notes and harmonies of the year's grand chorus.

If one may be allowed to speak of the seasons in terms of human qualities, then winter is pre-eminently the manly season.

There is no sluggish slothfulness about Nature in winter, in spite of the melancholy people who talk of the "death of the year" and other miserable half-hearted untruths.

WINTER AND THE MAN.

It is the season of form, just as summer was the season of colour, and autumn the season of lurid lights, and spring the timid girlish time.

Man and winter are well matched. There is no sound, for instance, that has in it such boisterous robustness, such infinite suggestions of vigour, bravery, hardihood, and fierce revelling in action, as the strong wind tearing through the stripped trees, offering them but little time to consider whether they will bend—or be broken.

No man can hear the shout of the winds without feeling an impulse to go out and join in the race and be buffeted by the blasts.

The trees themselves are more beautiful in their revealed nakedness than in the softer outlines of their summer leafage. Infinitely delicate in their extremities they taper from the thick trunk to the extreme tips.

The great boughs writhing and shooting out into the air are models of vigour and strength.

Winter has, too, its quieter moments, when the bitter freezing air has stilled all things into rigidity.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN.

Then, too, is the time to be out and abroad over wide fields or open plains where the low sun can spread his pale light sheer across the land. The call to walk on and on through the tonic air is one that every man must answer.

Every pool is frozen solid; in the fenland dikes the reeds stand up in broken spikes from out the black ice that has encased them; and the earth has a ring it gives forth in no other season.

And what joy there is in lacing tightly the well-greased boots and going out to take up the challenge of the frozen snow!

What man can resist it? There are trails of winter's wild-fowl on the surface; the sun beats up in brilliant flashes from every crystal. Far away over the white plain a hare moves uneasily.

The cries of water-fowl away on the salt marshes, where the brackish water is only frozen at the edges of the mud-flats, send a man posting home for his gun, for such chances do not often come his way.



Inland there are innumerable pictures of intense and moving loveliness. The depths of the woods show black and purple, and appallingly still and silent.

Along the bank that faces the south the remnants of a once numerous covey of partridges is gathered in a bunch to catch every touch of warmth, fluffing out their feathers, and looking wise and comfortable. The guns have left them in peace for a spell, and man has gone after other quarry.

Very early in the afternoon the sun drops down with little delay, and mists gather about the river and round the edges of the woods.

The roaring log-fire begins to draw the wanderer towards the farmstead, and the riches of the larder begin to exercise their attractions, visions of steaming cakes and other rich home-made luxuries tempt one to hasten to the table, and a scalding cup of tea would be very good just now.

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT.

And when the vision has been followed by the reality, and night—the early night of winter—has fallen, there are still other attractions in the winter for the open-air man.

For the winter night has a character all its own. It is so black; there are such myriads of glittering stars, and the frost gets such a pitiless hold of everything exposed! But the silence of it is wonderful.

C. EASTON-GREY.

LETTERS OF A SNOB.

DEAR DE VERE,—Pippin has gone in for physical culture—asked my advice—do not approve of it. Undressed, you can't tell a man's status, don't you know. Fancy shaking hands with a navvy—how terrible!

For my own part, I always make a point, if possible, before I make a new acquaintance, of looking into his hat for the maker's name, and act accordingly.—Yours, &c.,

PLANTAGENET JONES.

DEAR DE VERE,—Doctor tells me I am getting too stout—suggests football.

I said, "Can you picture me covered with mud running after a ball, and sticky with perspiration?" He laughed, and said something about being more of a man!

DEAR DE VERE,—First meet of the season yesterday. Never saw such a lot of riff-raff in the field in my life. Really think I must give up hunting if something is not done to keep it select.

Of course, as you know, I made for the easiest and lowest part of the hedge, and upon my word so did all the rest. I got stuck in the middle of the briars in the rush, and the local butcher actually had the impertinence to suggest that, as I couldn't move, they should take me and the hedge! I shall appeal to the M.F.H., and must tell my housekeeper not to buy any joints in future from that quarter.

A candid acquaintance seeing this letter k.f. open, adds a few lines.

"Not the horse's fault he stuck in the hedge. The poor beast hadn't a chance to leap w't that thirteen stone odd sitting solid and hanging on to the reins in a state of blue funk."

"Jolly good thing if there were a few more of what he calls riff-raff, otherwise sportsmen, and if he did give up following the hounds."

DEAR DE VERE,—Have been asked to join the Territorials. As you will, of course, suppose I refused on the grounds that it would be *infra dig.* to do so. I hear that City clerks, tailors, tinkers, &c., are included! Parkins says I should be quite out of it—clever, discerning fellow, Parkins; my valet you remember. Says they would not know what to do with me, with my tastes. Shall raise his salary when uncle dies!

DEAR DE VERE,—Can you tell me as a friend—mind you, I don't want counsel's opinion—if I am obliged to supply the cottagers with water?

They seem to prefer beer for drinking purposes, and it pays me, too, for, as you are aware, I own the village pub. Also, can I prevent their using the high road in front of my house? They spoil the view.

Am sending this to the Temple, but have marked it "personal."

DEAR DE VERE,—Am in bed in consequence of an altercation with a trespasser, thanks to your advice. You know, I could not condescend to strike back, as he was beneath me. I shall not be fit to be seen for some weeks, I fear. The penalties of position, dear chap, are heavy!—Yours, &c.,

PLANTAGENET JONES.

F. C. HARTINGTON.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you want the "Open Sesame" to the best of the world of sport join THE MODERN MAN League. The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



The League
Badge
(Actual size)

A MERCURY ON WHEELS.

A COUNTRY LIFE SKETCH.

There will be a bad time for five villages dotted within a six-mile radius of a quaint market town in Kent when Mr. Edward Evesham finally loses, breaks, or otherwise wears out the little horn which one hears bleating on the frosty air above the "clock-a-clock" of his horse's hoofs and the rumble of the creaking wheels attached to the post-office red cart.

Frequently it is an unwelcome sound when you hear it long ere the third sheet of the letter is reached and you have not explained precisely why you have not answered the letter received three-and-a-half weeks since. But you hail it with joy when, correspondence completed, it means saving a tramp to the village post-office, which is also the grocer's and the draper's and the candlestick-maker's and so forth.

Were it not for His Majesty's Government and Edward Evesham, its faithful civil servant, life would be a dull affair in the village of Kingshorton, Kent.

HIS ARRIVAL.

For the exiled from London the day begins with the arrival of Edward, who drives up the hill, and whistling some gay refrain of the early eighties jauntily kicks open the garden gate and awakens the echoes with knocks that would shame a London fireman assailing a house of blissfully ignorant people who have not noticed that their bedroom walls are becoming warmed through.

Meanwhile "Minoru" stands very, very still in the vermilion shafts of the cart. This year his name is Minoru. Last year it was Signorinetta (oblivious of sex). Each year the Derby winner is thus honoured, and has been, says Edward, since as a four-year-old his animal received the name of the winner of that year's Derby Stakes—St. Amant. Now, as St. Amant was the hero of 1904, this makes Edward's horse out to be nine years old.

Lynx-eyed, hard-hearted, horse dealers might term him "a good nine" without going through the formality of studying his mouth.

A CRITICISM.

In fact, the young man who drives the grocer's smart turn-out once went so far as to observe that, following Edward's statement, his "hobby" should have been baptised Persimmon, at the very least, in his fourth year. In an underhand way, which none of Edward's friends can approve, this accuses the animal of at least seventeen years, and Edward of uttering a terminological inexactitude.

Edward does not back horses—the Government does not allow it—but I am told that once a year, strangely near Derby Day, Edward purchases the only postal order he ever buys at the post-office-grocer's, and a blue stamp costing 2½d. Then he borrows an envelope and scrawls out an address in Holland, enclosing therein a weird form and the postal order. This is the only occasion on which he patronises the Government, being, happily, relationless.

HOW HE PUTS IT.

His detractors openly say that this is nothing more nor less than a bet on the Derby with a book-maker, and all Kingshorton knows that a book-maker is a cousin only once removed of the Devil.

Edward, however, remarks that it is merely a wager with an acquaintance abroad as to the name his horse will bear *after* the Derby has been run on Epsom Downs. Note the wording of the foregoing, and at the same time the subtlety of Edward's mind.

It was Edward who informed me of a great event in my family. I was standing at the garden gate of my house. He was far down the road with Minoru soberly trotting towards me. Edward waved a postcard.

"From—your—brother—Dick," he shouted. "You're an uncle of a—fine—ho—oy!"

Now, it happens that my house on



the top of the hill is, naturally, Edward's last place of call. Therefore he had leisure to pull up.

I had heard him "wind his horn" far down the road, and, praying for a communication from dear old London, if only a bill expressing sartorial surprise, I had run out to meet him.

This was a far more exciting matter. I felt so important that, taking my briar out of my mouth and setting my cap on at a highly respectable and pompous angle (over the eyes), I demanded of him why he dared to read my postcards.

"Look here, sir—rr," he said. (For the rest of his talking you must imagine the Kentish rolling "r's" yourself.) "What spice in life do ye think there'd be for a man carryin' His Majesty's Mails if it weren't for postcards? Minoru, here, bein' a skittish critter, I can't leave it to him the whole way, same as Andrews on the Blissenden Road does.

THE METHODS OF ANDREWS.

"Andrews is a knowledgeable man. Why? (Whoa, there, Minoru! You've earnt *your* little bit o' corn.) Why? Because he reads the mornin' paper right through all along the Causeway. Starts on the editor's leader by the Sparrowhawk Inn, and has got to the *interestin'* parts of the paper afore he reaches the Kentish Arms.

"He's got a horse that always has the same name. Pegasus, I think he calls it—a roan mare that don't by any means fly. Pegasus flew, didn't he? I know about Pegasus, *all* about him! The gentleman who used to live in your house told me, 'cos he called me 'Merkry' one day, and I asked him why?—not bein' used to any title but 'Mr. Evesham' from cottagers and 'Ed'ard' from those as I used to think my betters, until the Socialist chap came to Kingshorton. (Steady there, Minoru.)

POLITICAL OPINIONS.

"This horse, you see, served under two Governments, Conservative and Liberal. I think he must be a Liberal, 'cause he won't stay in the same place long. He-he! Excuse my little joke, sir—that is, if you saw it. They say I'm only a poor humorist down at the Queen's, and 'tis loike they're roight. Well, I was sayin' talkin' about Pegasus—"

"Edward," I said sternly, "your evading the question at issue! You've said nothing more about reading that postcard of mine."

"Really, sir," said Edward, "that's kind of you to remind me. The custom in these parts when a gentleman gets interestin' news of that sort is—well, it's funny you should know it. Leave two two's o' rum for me at the Queen's, and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir! And—no—say nothing more, sir! I shall be honoured—honoured I say—to drink the health of any nephew of yours!"

"But—excuse me—who's the lady from Leicestershire as sent you her photo on a postcard the other day? She was what I should call stylish, and the hat she was in took my eye. (Gee up, there, Minoru!) No, sir. This horse can't abear any unkind language. Good day, sir, and a Merry Christmas to ye!"

SIDNEY NORTH.

A MAN'S PROMISE.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

They were standing under the mistletoe in the big farmhouse kitchen.

The girl looked up at the man, whose arm was round her waist.

"Well," he said, as he stooped to kiss her; "well, little girl?"

They had the room to themselves—the squire's son and the farmer's beautiful daughter.

The firelight danced on the walls, and was reflected in the pewter ranged on the shelves.

All the others were getting the great hall ready for the dancing later on.

"I shall be away only a couple of months, and then I'll do what you ask," the man whispered.

"You promise—you promise?" she said, glancing round fearfully.

The laughter came from the distant barn, and she was alone under the mistletoe with the man she loved, and who promised to marry her—when he came back.

"Of course I promise," he said, and again he put the seal of a kiss on the pretty lips that gave themselves so willingly to that hot pressure—under the mistletoe.

Some time later the fire still danced about the pewter-laden shelves. The mistletoe still hung for happy lovers to kiss under, but the girl and the man no longer stood beneath it. He was saying hurriedly, for the benefit of the folks who had come in from the barn, "Keep me plenty of dances, won't you?" And she was trying to steady her lips to answer as carelessly, while conscious of the change in them both.

The snow was falling in thick flakes as the squire's son drove home after the dance in the farmer's barn.

"I've done a tom-fool thing," he muttered to himself, "but she's the prettiest girl I ever saw—and the deuce is in it—I'll have to go a bit earlier than the pater intended, and stop away, too."

So he shook himself free of the snow and his responsibilities at the same time: the one lay as light as the other on those broad shoulders.

He put it down as just a Christmas episode, the usual sequel to the mistletoe kiss when a man and his desire for the moment happen to be alone.

That was how he looked upon his promise.

A man's promise? Hadn't she been brought up to know what that was worth?

Small sympathy do those who love so well that they withhold nothing from the loved one get from their fellow-creatures. And the girl who had sinned under the mistletoe was not spared an iota of the punishment that is devised for such as she.

The farmhouse knew her no more, for the squire's son did not return as he had promised—neither in two months nor yet in six—and the grim old farmer had no use for a wanton.

Then the squire died and was laid with his fathers, and the son must now come home and reign in his stead, and, knowing this, a woman prepared her plans.

A year ago she had been a happy, lovely girl—just one short year ago—and now?

She was what a man's promise made her!

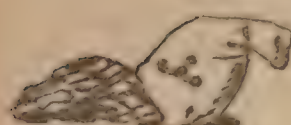
The snow was falling, just as it had done that Christmas Eve when a man cursed himself for his folly. Just as then he was driving home under the lowering skies, but he was the squire now!

As he was about to turn in at his own gates his horse shied so violently that he got out to see what the object was that frightened the steady old chestnut.

On the threshold of his new life stood the spectre of his past, pointing to the huddled up figure that lay right in the way of his horse's feet. By the light from the carriage lamps he saw what it was—a dead woman, and a child, with a mantle of snow: the fruits of a man's folly.

And as he stood there the Christmas chimes rang out; but he only heard the iron bells of conscience repeating a man's promise.

T. CROSBY.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE OBTAINING OF ENERGY.

The other evening I met a friend who was not looking by any means well—I mean well from the business point of view.

I know him to be a man who is full of energy, but there was something in his eyes that told me that he was tired.

I asked him whether he was feeling fit, and he admitted that he was not.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "but I feel that I have lost interest in my business. I have done better during the past three months than I have in any previous quarter, and everything is going smoothly, but somehow I feel that I want a month's holiday, even at this time of the year. I have not had a holiday of any length for two years past, but I never seemed to miss it till now. I am fed up with business, and that's a fact. I wish to goodness that it was possible for me to get off for a bit; but everything would go wrong without me."

I remember when I established my own business having very much the same feeling, but I managed to get over it, and I ventured to suggest to him certain things that would in my opinion save him from the collapse that appeared to be impending.

I asked him first of all how he spent his evenings.

"Oh," he said, "those are pretty well given up to my wife. She's fond of going to theatres and all that, and seeing that I used to take her out to some sort of entertainment almost every evening when we were courting, I don't think it fair to stop doing it now. When we don't go to a theatre, we go to dine at a friend's house, or something of that kind."

I asked him whether he really enjoyed himself at these alleged entertainments, and he admitted that more often than not he was bored considerably.

Here, then, was the first mistake that he was making. His leisure was limited by the necessities of his business, and what leisure he had, he was not enjoying as he ought to do.

I next asked him how much sleep he took?

"Never more than seven hours," he said; "sometimes less. You see, I like to be at work in the morning sharp up to time."

I appointed myself there and then his physician, and I prescribed for him at least eight hours' sleep every night, and I advised him to cut off every engagement whatsoever unless it gave him real enjoyment.

I mention this episode because it proved conclusively that my theories were right.

I saw the man a fortnight later, and he was a different being. He was fresh as a daisy, and as genuinely interested in his work as he had been in the old days when he was struggling for a start.

He acknowledged that my advice was right, and that is why I repeat it for the benefit of those who may be similarly situated.

A man has a certain amount of energy, and if he expends the bulk of it in business he does not have much left.

He can get a fresh supply by thoroughly enjoying himself during his leisure, but if he attends social functions that do not give him genuine pleasure, he is making a fresh demand upon his supply of energy in order to appear temporarily bright.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.



FINANCE.

[In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.]

DISREPUTABLE OUTSIDE BROKERS.

The money that goes into the pockets of disreputable stock and share dealers—outside brokers—is amazing. It must total millions a year, and yet system and organisation could save two-thirds of this money. Possibly it might be tapped by some other un-

scrupulous type of sharks, but that is not the point.

I may in the course of a week or two be able to put in hand a scheme by which no reader of THE MODERN MAN, at any rate, need be under any misapprehension as to the position or reputation of a firm; and if I have no knowledge of a firm it will point to the advisability of exercising the journalistic maxim (slightly paraphrased), "When in doubt, don't."

At the present moment I know of a firm of stock and share dealers only a few months old which is preparing to cut its liabilities—it has been hard hit by "corners" (save the mark!) in markets—by starting business under another name. Meanwhile the more troublesome among clients are asked to accept weekly payments of £1.

Needless to say, the acceptance of the first £1 offered constitutes it a civil debt. This inability to pay means suspending payment. How easily the public plays into the hands of these rascals!

BRUCE, DESMOND, AND CO.—H. R. C. (Northampton)—They have not been in existence very long, and, for reasons which I must keep to myself for the present, I advise you to ignore all their circulars.

UNITED STOCK AND SHARE CORPORATION.—"M." (Canterbury)—Cannot recommend these people's "Special Stock Combine."

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Roughly, special financial transactions are divided under these three heads—investment, speculation, and speculative investment. I wish correspondents would clearly understand what these terms mean when they write. For instance, one correspondent applies the description investment to a sheerly speculative deal, and I really can't gather from his letter whether he is out to invest or speculate.

GERSON, HAMSON, AND CO.—R. J. (Leeds)—You had better avoid these people altogether. Their "Trusts" are precisely that. Better be trustee of your own money.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—J. H. W. (London)—This firm give facts and figures because they can. Personally, I think the average stock and share dealer doesn't talk in figures because he can't very well.

GWALIA PROPS.—H. W. (Dover)—Don't recommend a purchase. They are at a heavy discount—about 40 per cent.

H. S. (Leyton)—They are outside brokers of good repute, who have been in business some years. Never heard a word against them.

G. F. (Bayswater)—Leave the firm you speak of severely alone; we shall deal with them very candidly when we have collected full evidence as to their transactions, which are shady.



Sloan-Duployan Shorthand

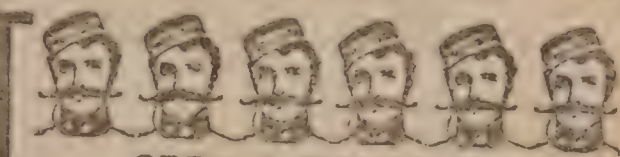
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A BURGLAR'S STORY.

Just before midnight on a certain Christmas Eve I pocketed a jemmy, a dark lantern, a bunch of skeleton keys, and a box of silent matches. Then I turned up my coat collar, pulled my cap over my eyes, and slouched off through the frosty streets.

I had marked my house. It was a snug little place in the West-End—a "bijou residence" or something of the kind, I think they call it. It was occupied by a Quakerish-looking, white-haired old gentleman, who was always carrying books home with him, and poring over them from morning till night. I never bothered about his name. I knew him solely as the Amiable Old Gentleman, for that is what he appeared to be.

He lived alone. Better still (as I took care to find out), he had a rare collection of old plate: none of your trumpery, tinpot stuff, but the real, solid, genuine article.

From a convenient corner I watched the drowsy policeman go by on his beat; then I crept round to the back, slipped over the wall, and—well, to a man of my experience, the rest was child's-play.

The plate was there right enough, all spread out on the sideboard. There was something else on the sideboard, too, a cut-glass spirit-stand, with well-filled bottles.

I raked in the plate in a jiffy, as fine a haul as ever I made in my life. Not till then, when I was ready to go on my way rejoicing, did I turn to the spirit-stand.

I poured out half a tumblerful and silently drank to the health of the Amiable Old Gentleman. It was prime stuff. It ran like wildfire through my veins. But—but—

All of a moment I felt a queer sensation creeping over me, just as if the strength was running out of me like water. My knees shook, everything in the room seemed to dance around me, and I flopped down like a log into the nearest armchair. Then all the world became a blank.

When my senses began to come back, the first thing I was conscious of was that there was a strong light in the room, much stronger than could have come from the glimmer of my lantern.

I rubbed my eyes and looked up. The electric light had been switched on, and standing silently before me was a tall, white-haired figure, wrapped in a long dressing-gown. It was the Amiable Old Gentleman himself.

I sat still and watched him. I liked his looks. But what I did *not* like was the fact that he held an ugly-looking revolver in his hand.

I had been neatly-caught. I glanced sourly towards the spirit-stand. The confounded liquor had been drugged.

He followed my look and smiled.

"My patent burglar trap," he said. "Gentlemen of your profession can never resist it. You are a burglar, I take it?"

There was no use beating about the bush, I just nodded.

"Stand up," he cried.

I stood up, and began to fumble up my sleeve for the life-preserver.

"Stop that," he said, in a sharp sort of way.

I took no notice of him. I went on groping for the life-preserver.

"If you persist in trying to draw that weapon from your sleeve," he said, "I shall be under the necessity of doing you some personal injury. Your ears, I notice, protrude a good deal, like those of many of your class. They offer a fair mark."

I had just gripped the life-preserver, when—when—up went the revolver.

Bang! I clapped my hand to my ear with a squeal. The bullet had torn a piece out of the lobe. Oh, he was a man of his word, this Amiable Old Gentleman!

"Now perhaps you may be disposed to listen to reason," he said, smiling at my rueful face.

I was ready to listen to anything, in reason or out of it, for I had not the slightest wish to test his aim again.

"What do you want?" I growled.

"Take off your coat," was his answer.

I took it off. The life-preserver clattered to the ground as I did so. He stretched out his foot and raked it in towards him.

"Give me the coat," he went on.

I handed it over, and he threw it across his arm.

"Now your waistcoat," he said next.

I looked at him blankly. Up went the revolver again. That decided me. I let him have the waistcoat also.

"And now if you will kindly remove your boots, I do not think that I shall be obliged to trouble you further," he said, as polite as you like.

Another look at that revolver made me kick my boots off pretty smart.

He backed to the door with my coat and waistcoat over his arm, and threw it open.

"Now, march!" he said.

He drove me out into the hall at the point of the revolver. He made me open the street-door and stand just on the threshold, with my back to the hall.

All at once, before I had a notion what he was up to, he gave the door a push and I was shot out on to the steps. I heard the door bolted and locked behind me.

There I was left shivering on the doorstep on that bitter Christmas morning in my shirt-sleeves and without my boots. What on earth was I to do?

While I stood there in the cold I heard a slow, regular step coming towards me. It was a police-sergeant on his night rounds.

I knew I was in for it now, and tried to put a bold face on it.

"Robert," I said, as he came up, "lend me your overcoat."

He gave a sort of snigger, thinking, I suppose, that I was some wild card who was having a lark with him.

"Go inside, sir," he said. "You're better in bed."

"I know that," I answered ruefully, "but I happen to live a long way from here."

Something in my tones seemed to strike him, and he flashed the light of his lantern upon me. You never saw a man so astonished!

"Bless me!" he cried, "if it isn't the Whistler!" For that was the name I was known by in those days.

Well, he was good enough to oblige me with his overcoat, but held tenderly on to the sleeve as he conducted me to the station. Then . . . But why say any more?

There is just one thing I will say, though. From that day to this I have never paid a professional visit to the West-End. I have a holy horror of running across another Amiable Old Gentleman.

C. WHITE-CARTER.

WINTER WEEK-ENDS.

THEY HAVE ATTRACTIONS OF THEIR OWN.

The week-end in summer had become such a permanent and regular pleasure to me that I was unwilling to give it up when the weather was no longer of the sort that tempted one to lounge on the doors. And so for a few weeks I persevered in the old habit, making no change.

With the complete disappearance of summer, however, I began to realise that my weekly excursions brought very little satisfaction. There was something missing, and I returned each time wondering why it was that in the seaside haunts where I had all through the summer found plenty to occupy my leisure pleasantly, there now seemed nothing to attract.

On looking about for a solution it became plain to me that I had mistaken the sources whence I drew my former amusement.

I had fondly supposed that I carried all the necessary capacity for a good time within myself, but now I realised that quite half the pleasure of the summer week-end at the seaside came from outside.

The perpetual life that seemed full of gaiety, and without the unpleasant realities of existence, the endless round of amusements indoors and out of doors, the brightness by day and the glitter by night were now gone, and with them went the greater part of my enjoyment.

So long as I depended on these, I must confine my week ends to the summer season. But I was, and always shall be, unwilling to take my open-air pleasures only in the season of sunshine and heat.

To me the open life is the only life all the year round. And so by degrees it dawned upon me that since the winter conditions were absolutely different from those I had been accustomed to in summer, I, too, would have to change my week-end conditions if they were still to be a source of pleasure and health.

Put into a nutshell, the case seemed to be that whereas the seaside resort was an admirable lounging place in hot weather, it was the dullest and dreariest hole when the holiday crowds had departed, when the landladies had retired into the back rooms to count their summer gains, and the front was a deserted expanse of lashing rain and furious wind.

No seaside front was made for foul weather. The two are incompatible, and I advise anyone who wishes to plumb the depths of the "blues" to spend a wet week-end at any resort called, in summer, fashionable.

The vigorous man's frame demands different treatment in winter, and week-ends will be a failure unless active exercise all the time is undertaken.

Nowadays, when I start off late on Friday night or early on Saturday morning, I stop short of the sea. At first it was difficult to find the right places to go to, but I have learned that there are a great many more people—farmers and others—in the country, who are ready to put up a week-end visitor, than one usually suspects.

The best way to find out the places suitable for winter week-ends is to collect from the railway companies their annual lists of farmhouse and apartments. In these there are hundreds of addresses in all parts of England, and the few details given, supplemented by one's own knowledge of the country, will usually enable one to form a pretty good idea of the time it is possible to have.

I always choose a spot near hills, for in winter the hills have a greater fascination for me than in summer. They are so completely open and isolated.

When one walks across their broad backs, the wind and the rain are part of the pleasure.

But there is another sort of attraction about the rural week-end in winter. The farmers are less busy; they welcome a visitor, especially one who carries about him an atmosphere of sport, with a very genuine delight, and they go out of their way to make a short sojourn under their rambling roofs a time to be remembered for its heartiness and comfort.

G. BRADLEY.



The New Night Cure for Catarrh & Nose-Breathing Difficulties

Discovered by a Vocalist-Patient with the aid of his Physician.

EXPLANATORY TREATISE NOW READY FOR GRATIS DISTRIBUTION.

OLD-FASHIONED REMEDIES for catarrh have been completely superseded by the remarkably successful eight-hours' cure for catarrh and other nose-breathing difficulties, which cures without the aid of nauseous liquids or powders—cures even while you are asleep.

THE NEW CURE FOR CATARRH—the joint discovery of physician and patient—cures with every breath you draw. It frees the nasal passages; it arrests mouth breathing, and promotes natural and healthy nasal breathing; it strengthens chest and lungs; it oxygenates and purifies the blood; and generally invigorates and revitalises the whole organic being.

EVERY SUFFERER FROM CATARRH knows how this distressing complaint prevents proper breathing, and how, if neglected, other disagreeable conditions arise. The mucous matter falls down the throat—the word catarrh means “to flow down”—during the night, and the victim awakens in the morning with a foul mouth, coated tongue, nausea, and utter distaste for food.

THE STOMACH BECOMES inflamed, and intestinal catarrh—a most dangerous disease—may ensue, with fatal results.

THE HEARING BECOMES impaired, the head feels hot, and the eyes are either dry and burning, or discharge an acrid watery fluid.

THE SENSES OF SMELL AND TASTE also become seriously affected.

the most drastic of relief have often been necessary. In the new eight-hours' cure, no operations or cauterising are necessary. On the other hand, the patient goes to sleep at night and awakes in the morning deliciously refreshed, owing to the improvement in the breathing while asleep, due to the increase of nasal-breathing space supplied by this new and natural method of treatment.

IN AN INTERESTING book which the joint discoverers of this new treatment have published for gratis circulation among sufferers from catarrh, adenoids, polypi, catarrhal deafness, and other nose-breathing troubles, this new eight-hours' cure is fully described, the letter being accompanied by informative and explanatory diagrams never before published to the public.

Subjoined is a synopsis of the contents:

- How the Cure was Discovered.
- Why Snuffs and Sprays can Do No Good.
- The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
- Special Advice and Warning.
- Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post-Nasal Growth.
- A Most Remarkable Test (Illustrated).
- What is Catarrh?
- Illustration of Examples of Nasal Obstructions and Inefficiency.
- What Catarrh Leads To.
- The Physiological Process of Cure.
- Illustration of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
- How to Cure Catarrh and NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.
- The NOSE and Catarrh.
- The EARS and Catarrh.

The THROAT and Catarrh.
The MOUTH and Catarrh.
The LUNGS and Catarrh.
How to Cure SNORING.
COLDs in the HEAD.
VOICE Troubles.

This book is very aptly entitled “Respiratory Re-Education,” and the joint authors here clearly show how ALL consumptive, catarrhal, and asthmatic tendencies are originally due to nasal-breathing inefficiency, a theory, strange to say, that received professional endorsement at the last British Medical Conference at Belfast.

IT IS A WELL-ESTABLISHED FACT that large, wide nostrils are indicative of health and long life, provided, of course, there is no internal obstruction, as in catarrh, adenoids, polypi, &c. The new cure for catarrhal affections (as explained in the book mentioned) is based upon the recognised physiological fact. It overcomes nasal inefficiency, whether due to narrow or congested nostrils. It reopens and expands the partly-closed air

passages and cavities, and thus prepares the way for the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to catarrhal freedom. Moreover, in the new Rhycol cure, the air inhaled during the long hours' sleep is medicated with a soothing and healing preparation that assuages the inflamed mucous membrane, and gradually cures it. (How this is accomplished is one of the most interesting sections of the book now offered for gratis circulation.)

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERY was made by the patient—a vocalist—who discovered HOW the nose could be freed. Upon this first step discovery has been built the new and anatomical cure described in detail (and illustrated) in the book entitled “Respiratory Re-Education.” Immediately the method of cure described in this book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative

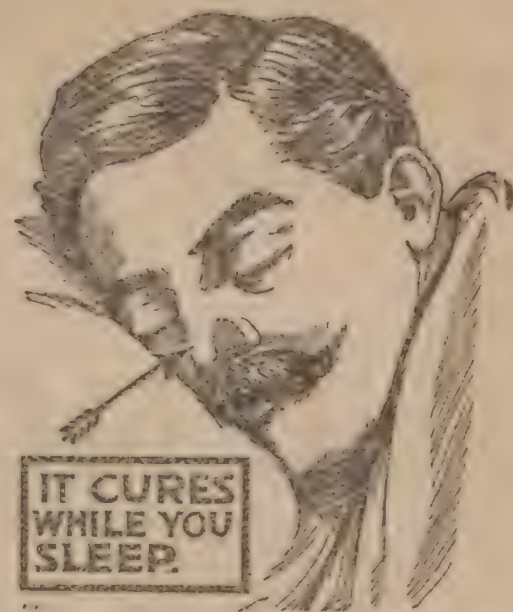
powers. It is, indeed, as one patient put it, LIKE COMING INTO THE FRESH AIR OUT OF A CLOSE AND STUFFY ROOM.

IN ONE NIGHT the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

IN ONE WEEK the nose and mouth cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear and unobstructed; the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and taste and smell become as keen as ever.

THE AIM OF THE COMPILERS of the book has been to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the cause and method of cure of their complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results.

A SPLENDID ADVANCE in the art of treating catarrhal and other affections of the air-passages is embodied in the Rhycol Treatment. The watery or alcoholic sprays formerly used had limitations set upon their intended usefulness by the most tremendously powerful force in Nature, namely, that of gravity. Water—or watery solutions—even when vapourised—will not run uphill. Air will, that is why the Rhycol Treatment is so great a step in advance of all other methods of treatment of catarrh of the respiratory organs. Look at the diagram on page 2 of the free book, and you will understand how impos-

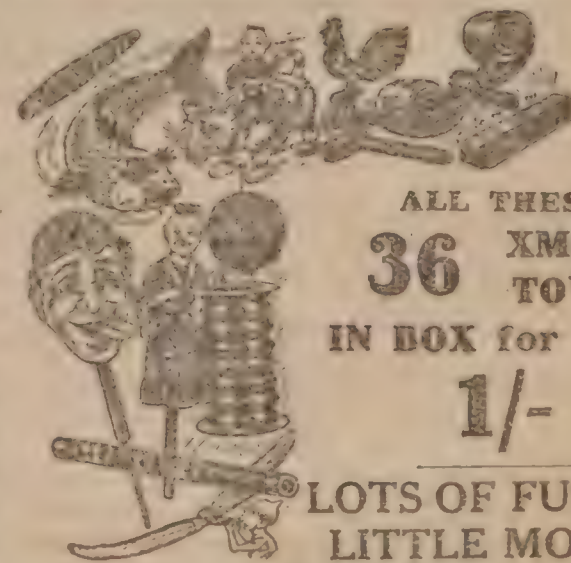


There is no fuss or bother with the New Cure for Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties, Weak Chest and Lungs, Asthmatic and Bronchial Tendencies. The Cure remains in operation during the whole of the night, and no conscious effort is called for.

sible it is for fluid medicinal preparations to reach, and thus beneficially treat, the roof, or upper surface, of the exceedingly intricate nasal-cavities.

AS ALREADY STATED, a large edition of the book has been published for free distribution, and all who wish to overcome nasal inefficiency—the cause of catarrh, adenoids, polypi, catarrhal deafness, and consumptive and asthmatic tendencies—should send (or call) for a copy.

You have only to call or write (enclosing a penny stamp for postage) to receive a gratis copy of the author's book per return post. Write to the Publishers, “Respiratory Re-Education,” 80 Rhycol House, 130 Fleet Street, London, E. C.



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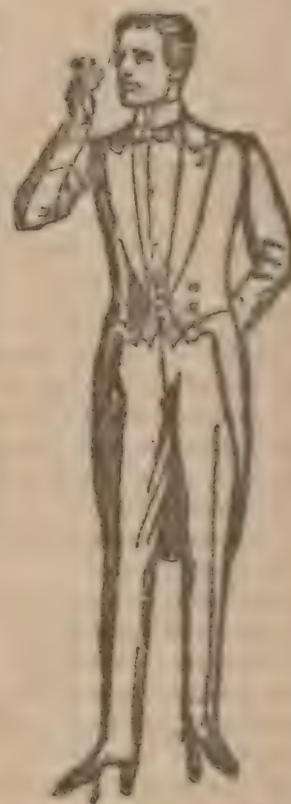
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WHAT THE MAJOR DID
A Military Episode, told in the form of a play. It is well suited for those who desire to produce something effective in the way of amateur theatricals at Christmas parties.

[Scene: The ante-room of the Officers' Mess at the Wellington Barracks, Westhampton. Time: about 11 p.m. A couple of card-tables are going, one being devoted to whist, the other to the more scientific game of "spoof." Several officers are sitting about reading and smoking. Enter Captain Lacey, in mufti.]

CAPTAIN LACEBY (pausing at the door): May I come in, sir? [N.B.—An officer in mufti may not enter the ante-room before lunch or after dinner without the permission of the senior officer present.]

MAJOR SHARPE (looking up from his cards): Oh, come in "Frills." Three by tricks, two by honours, game, treble, and the rub. Bye-bye time, I think. (Getting up and addressing Captain Lacey.) Well, how's the little village.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Oh much the same as usual. Whisky and-soda, please, waiter.

MR. BRABAZON: See anyone you liked better than yourself, "Frills"?

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Don't know that I did. Oh, yes, by Jove, I did see someone—you'll never guess whom.

MR. BRABAZON: The ghost of Benjamin Binns.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: Oh, oh, Antonio. Come on, Frills, don't keep us in suspense, out with it.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Fizzer!

(There is a general chorus of "Great Scott," "What," "Good Lord," "Bai Jove," &c., &c.)

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: Fizzer! Poor old Fizzer! Well, I'm d—d. What's he doing?

CAPTAIN LACEBY (shortly): Sellin' matches.

(There is a dead silence, save for a startled "Whew" or two.)

CAPTAIN LACEBY (continuing): Ran into him as I was coming out of a theatre. He tried to bolt, but I collared him.

MR. BRABAZON: How did he look?

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Awful! (He nods, as Captain Montagu significantly raises his glass.)

I gave him all the coin I had on me—a fiver and a couple of sovereigns, though I absolutely had to force it on him. He said there was only one thing he really wanted.

CHORUS: What?

CAPTAIN LACEBY: A box of the old Partagas. You remember how fond he was of them.

MR. BRABAZON: By Jove, yes.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: That reminds me—(ringing the bell)—Waiter, tell—

CAPTAIN MONTAGU (interposing): No, no. Frills, you've done enough. This is my shout, I've had a rippin' good week racin'. Waiter, tell Sergeant Hoyle to make me up a thousand of the Partagas—the large ones, y'know.

MAJOR SHARPE (speaking for the first time): Strikes me you're a bit of a fool, Monty. What's

the good of—send him 50 or even 100 if you like—but a thousand—

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: My palaver, if you don't mind, Sharpe. If old Fizzer wants cigars, well, by God, he's goin' to have 'em, so long as I've got a quid or two to play with.

CHORUS: Hear, hear. Bravo, Monty. It's better than being a Carnegie, &c., &c.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Good man. But don't see why you should be shot for the lot. Let's all stand in.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: No, no; not a bit of it. This is my racket.

MR. BRABAZON: Well, look here, you stand the weeds, Monty, and the rest of us will tit up for a pool.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Don't think he'd take it.

MR. BRABAZON: Well, anyway, we can try. Come on, give me a pencil and a sheet of paper, someone.

MAJOR SHARPE: What's the use? He'll only drink it.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU (angrily): Well, let him. Poor devil, he was one of the best.

CHORUS: Rather. Remember his 102 against the 17th. Best No. 2 we ever had at polo. Always game for anything from pitch-and-toss to pulling the General's leg.

MAJOR SHARPE: That's all very well, but Rocket brought discredit on the—

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: Oh, shut up, Sharpe—that is, if you won't put me under arrest. But, really, why preach! Course, we know old Fizzer made a ghastly mess of things; but, as they say, he was nobody's enemy but his own, and, all said and done, he was a darned good chap if he did lift his elbow a bit and give stumers for his mess bill. I liked old Fizzer.

CHORUS: And so say all of us.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: The poor chap looked fearfully ill. Regular graveyard cough. He won't last long, and if we could get him away to some decent place in the—

MAJOR SHARPE: Pooh, he'll only soak it. Well, if you like to chuck your money away on a waster, it's your affair, only you needn't come to me.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: We weren't thinking of doing so, thank you, Sharpe. Now then, Brabby, go ahead. Put me down for a tenner.

CAPTAIN LACEBY: Ditto me.

CHORUS: Fiver here. And here. Two quid's the best I can do. Fiver for me, and please the pigs Cox will honour the cheque, &c., &c.

MR. BRABAZON: I was going on the razzle this week-end; but now I won't. Tenner for me. There, I think that's all. Let me see what it tots up—

MAJOR SHARPE: Just let me look at that paper a moment Brabazon, and see the extent of your individual idiocy. (He takes the paper and turns his back on the group by the table while he reads it.) Thanks (passing it back). Well, I must be off. I hope your benevolence will be rewarded, but I fancy it won't. When a man goes to the devil like Rocket it is no use trying to do anything for him. Good night everybody. (All the younger officers say "Good night, sir," with extreme politeness, the older ones grunt under their moustaches.)

MR. BRABAZON (as the door closes behind the Major): Beast!

CHORUS: Simply rollin' in oof. Preachy old pig. If I found him selling matches derved if I'd buy a box. Old Fizzer was worth ten of him, &c., &c.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU: Well, what's the demnation total, Brabby?

(Mr. Brabazon picks up the paper.)

MR. BRABAZON (shouting): Great Scott, look here. Well, I'm—

CHORUS: Hallo, what's up. What the —? He shows them the paper, and reads aloud: "Major Sharpe £50. There's no fool like an old fool—J. S."

"CHINSTRAP."

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

* * *

"Yes," said the modest young man, thoughtfully, "I have broken off my engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and have come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an ass like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence."

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS
COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XLI. THE NEW BEGINNING.

Jim Graill walked along the drive away from Bagley Court with thoughts that matched the gloom about him.

He had told Richard of the disasters which had overtaken the business during his three weeks' holiday, disasters for which he held himself to blame. And now he seemed to have reached the end of all things.

Confidently Richard had left him in charge, and one small error of judgment had resulted in happenings which could only mean catastrophe for Richard.

The works that had belonged to the Syndicate, and which Richard had exhausted all his available capital to buy, burnt to the ground! The American Company with which the works was assured—worthless! The new machines that were to equip the works, costing many thousands of pounds, destroyed!

And he was responsible!

There is surely no more bitter experience for a man than to know he has brought ruin on his friend, especially when he has been left the guardian of a trust.

Graill walked slowly. Richard had said he would catch him up very soon, and had then gone back into the house.

He wondered whether Richard would tell the Lyonses of his miserable incompetency, or say nothing and come away. He wondered, too, what this would mean to Richard in connection with Violet Lyons; and the certainty that it would vitally affect whatever hopes Richard had, made his soul writhe in shame.

Graill was unnaturally morbid in grief, and during the few minutes that he paced steadily along he passed through phase on phase of despairing conjecture.

He was within a little distance of the lodge at the entrance to the drive when he heard the sound of Richard's approach. But he did not turn. He felt that he could not endure looking him in the face again.

Richard drew level and slackened his pace. He was silent until they reached the lodge, then he drew out his watch and looked at the time by the light from the lamps at either side of the gates.

"Half-past nine," he said. "Shall we walk? It will do us good."

"Walk where?" asked Graill, huskily.

"Into Moulden. I must have a look at the damage before I go to bed to-night."

"But you don't want me."

"Don't I? I want you a bit more than ever I did. Now, Jim," he said quietly, as Graill began an outburst of passionate self-recrimination, "it wasn't your fault. It wasn't, you idiot! What does it mean? Another beginning. Another fight. Very well. We're good enough for one, aren't we?"

"What good am I?"

"The same as ever. Gad! you don't think we're going to lie down and die because Fate has loosed her hounds upon us. We'll show 'em! You and I! By the Lord, we'll show 'em!" and Richard laughed.

Graill looked with wonderment at him, and his blood began to quicken and tingle.

"One would think you're glad!" he said.



"Perhaps I am," said Richard, after a reflective pause. "In a way—yes. A sort of exhilaration. And, after all, Jim, it sometimes happens that the man who loses everything gains—all."

"A—h!" said Graill, beginning to understand.

They walked without speaking for a long time, each occupied with his thoughts.

Over Graill had stolen a warm sense of comfort, which was but a sign of the return of courage. Richard, too, was conscious of an extraordinary lightness of heart, the instinctive joyousness of one who enters the lists to give battle against odds, sure of the reward awaiting victory.

That walk is indelibly imprinted upon the memory of both—the swinging stride, the grey, winding road, the plod through darkness overhung by whispering trees, the

bare stretches, with Moulden lying ahead, dotted here and there with tiny lights, and here and there with flames belching from the chimneys of the forges, and above the black dome of heaven, spangled with stars, blinking and watchful and eternally patient.

It was a night to bring reality of the littleness of men, with their tiny, ant-like comings and goings, their strivings and squabbings, their hopes and fears and pleasures and miseries, all inordinately small in the immensity of things.

And yet, for all their little foolishnesses, in some odd way Big; big, and rather magnificent.

"This life," said Richard, at length; "it's queer."

"It is," said Graill soberly.

Another prolonged silence.

"It's baffling sometimes," said Richard. "You can't quite get the hang of it. The wants. . . . And the bit we get. And somehow we don't seem to mind."

"What's it all for?"

"We're shut in. And there's a great high wall. And now and then we knock up against it. And sometimes it hurts."

"And always we wonder what's on the other side."

"Yes. The secrets, perhaps. They're bound to be wonderful, Jim."

"I don't know," said Jim doubtfully.

"Nobody knows," said Richard, and the mood of philosophy passed.

"We'll see the Syndicate first," he said presently, in his natural voice, "or what's left of it. Then we shall have to go through the books. I must find out how we stand. Then we'll go along to Mark's place for the night. To-morrow—"

But he left the sentence unsaid.

They came upon Moulden, and soon they were noticed. Men turned to look at them after they had gone by, but those met looked away. They did not like to look upon the man whom the folly of the mob had brought low. Some of them had been touched with the mad lust of destruction themselves.

What had been the works of the Syndicate was now a scarred and blackened ruin. They went inside, picking their way among the debris, the stale smoke smarting in their throats and eyes.

"They did it thoroughly," said Richard, and they went out. "We'll go along to the other place now," he added. "We won't stay long. I know fairly well what this has cost me."

Graill said nothing.

"By the way, was anybody hurt?" Richard queried, presently.

"One or two, I think. But nothing serious."

"Any arrested?"

"I believe so. Not at the time, but afterwards." "I'll go to the station, then, in the morning. It's no good their suffering for it now. The mischiefs done. No doubt I can get the charge made out as disorderly conduct. They're fools, Jim, but they never find it out till too late. A mob is always a concentrated fool. I can't give them work now, because I haven't got it, and they'll have to go on enduring things till I can. For a time it means they'll go back to the old-fashioned method of hand-production. Meanwhile. . . ."

Another hiatus.

"We must get some machines first," he went on. "I must go to London and see Ferguson. Then there's the money to be found to pay for them. I don't start at the bottom again, Jim. You know that, of course."

"You can get money by the asking for it," said Graill.

"Not sure. There's a sort of superstition about men who've come one cropper. You generally have to pay a high price for help. And that isn't my way."

They reached Richard's old works. Richard let himself through the door with a key, and they went up into the empty offices.

"This place," said Richard, "would realise a substantial figure, and the plant still here isn't worthless. But it was part of the scheme of things that I should send along to the Syndicate works all the best machines."

"I sha'n't sell these works," he said, opening the safe and bringing out some books, "nor the plant. We can keep going in a small way for a time with what we've got—that is, if there's anything left over when we've added up things. I didn't leave much to get rich upon after leaving the Syndicate, and it was fifteen thousand pounds worth of machinery they vented their spite on. Ah, well!"

He sat down.

For twenty minutes he spoke no word and he made no note. He merely went swiftly through book after book, and there was no sign of anxiety on his face—merely absorption and a hard brightness of eye.

He got up, replaced the books, locked the safe, and took up his hat.

"Now for Mark's, a drink, and bed," he said.

"How's it stand?" asked Graill.

"I'm poorer by forty-eight thousand pounds than I was a couple of days ago," answered Richard, "and I should have called myself a fifty-thousand-pound man then if anyone had challenged me."

"That sum," he said, as they went down the stairs, and his tone was quite casual, "that sum was the one I had set myself to get before asking Violet Lyons to marry me."

Graill turned slowly to him, met his steadfast, unwavering gaze, then, without another word, they continued their descent. At the bottom of the stairs Richard switched off the electric light, and across the dark yard they proceeded to the street.

II.

A couple of days later Richard received the following letter:

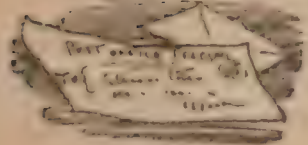
"My dear Selby," (it read)

"I am writing, because I imagine you will be so occupied with business as to have little time to spare at present for a friendly, informal caller. Nevertheless, my object is not altogether removed from business."

"You are aware, I think, that I amuse myself by dabbling rather inconsequently in commercial enterprises, and I can be positively avaricious when I am persuaded that a good opportunity for investment presents itself."

"It is no flattery to say that I consider ten thousand pounds invested in your business would yield me ample and (remembering my green, satisfactory returns, and I should be glad to hear that you share my opinion."

"When you feel you would like a little relaxation, my home, I need hardly say, is Liberty Hall for you, and I beg you to require no other invitation."



"My daughter joins me in cordial regards.
"Sincerely yours,
"VINCENT LYONS."

To which Richard replied:

"Dear Mr. Lyons,

"My best thanks for your letter. I can't let you do it, though the feelings which made you offer it I am unlikely to forget. Admitting your greed (which isn't true), I am selfish (which is), and I'm going to see this through alone. Altogether I am fairly content, and, of course, tremendously hopeful. Perhaps you will tell Miss Lyons that. She has always been kind enough to take interest.

"I shall look forward to visiting you, but it won't be just yet. I know I needn't explain why.

"Sincerely yours,

"RICHARD SELBY."

The following afternoon a telegram reached him, reading:

"Your letter made me laugh. I want to see you. Late at eight. Going out, so no use replying you can't.

"V."

He went.

She was sitting on a seat beneath a tree, and reading.

"You're late," she said.

"I'm not," said Richard, standing before her.

"Look!"

He held out his watch.

"It's slow," she said.

"It's slower than my heart."

"Don't be silly. Sit down."

"It stopped—when I got your telegram. Then it raced, then stopped again. It's been doing that ever since."

"It must be a funny watch."

"I don't mean the watch," said Richard.

He still stood before her, and she made a little grimace that was half-impudent, half-sweet.

"Plainly she was not in the least afraid of him.

"I've won five shillings," she said, which would

have been irrelevant if anything could have been irrelevant then.

"Have you?"

"Over your letter. I was sure you would refuse. Dad said you wouldn't. Then I wasted a shilling over the telegram. No. Elevenpence ha'penny."

"I love you," said Richard, no more irrelevant than she was.

"And I didn't go out, after all. It was a fib."

"I love you," said Richard, "with every beat of my heart. And I'm the worst cad God ever made for saying it."

"You're not!" She said it quickly, and a sudden flush dyed her face. But her eyes were still on his. "You mustn't say that."

"I'm a man with nothing."

"Oh!" she said, with mock horror.

"I'm a man," Richard corrected, "who has had the most wonderful gift in the world."

"You must let dad help you," she said, abruptly sensible.

"No," said Richard.

"You must."

"I can't."

"It's the first thing I've ever asked you."

"You would think less of me if I did."

"You don't know what I think of you, and you never will."

"Anyhow, I can't."

"You will!"

She was angry. She was always angry when she couldn't have her way.

"I won't," said Richard, with equal force. But he wasn't angry at all—only glad.

She looked away from him.

"You look now," said Richard, "as you did when I first saw you. The weather then was just as splendid. But there was nothing so splendid as you."

"It was six o'clock in the morning," she said, "and my hair was a sight. You were poaching."

"Weren't you frightened?"

She considered. "I thought you were awfully solemn . . . and rather funny."

Richard smiled.

"You were in a terrible temper."

"Was I? Then I must have been frightened. It generally shows like that. But this money." She was serious now. "Dick, you must take it."

"My dear," he said, and she saw his hands clench, "I can only win you my way. I shall do it. Two years. Perhaps only one. Whatever it is, you'll wait."

"Yes, I'll wait," she said.

"What I've had so far—and lost—is nothing. I shall get it all back—and more. In the end—when I've got you—I shall do big things. I can feel it."

She gave a low, caressing laugh, and the sound of it made Richard tremble.

"It won't be the end," she said. "It will only be the beginning."

[This terminates, for the present at least, a series of stories that have been much appreciated. I hope in the near future to publish them in book form. Meantime I would commend to your notice "The King of Knaves," the first of our new series of complete stories, which begins this week.—EDITOR.]

"SAMOL": The recent distinction conferred on Dr. Scheuble, Ph.D., by the Academy of Science at Vienna, has drawn fresh attention to his wonderful rheumatism cure, which is known as "Samol."

It is claimed for this ointment that it not only relieves the pain at once, but quickly effects a permanent cure, and those who suffer from rheumatism will be well advised to try it.

The tubes of ointment are, for a time, being placed before the public at the reduced price of 7d. each. Those who suffer from rheumatism should write for one to the Selecta Manufacturing Co., 440, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

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This book can be secured absolutely Free by all who would know of the great value of the hot air and vapour bath in cases of Rheumatism and other diseases, and who would discriminate between the high-priced wooden sweat-boxes and a perfected portable hygienic cabinet—"THE CENTURY THERMAL."

Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue No. 518, mentioning THE MODERN MAN.

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PALS EVER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By STEPHEN HURST.

The people of Flaxminster called them the Twins, which was facetious of them, because Morris was squat and burly and possessed none of the beauty that is supposed to make the gods envious, while Philip Askew was tall and slim, with wavy brown hair, and the complexion, if not the character, of a girl.

The people of Flaxminster, moreover—it being a country town where everybody knew everybody else's business, and was frequently much shocked thereat—believed, after Eva Harrington had been on the scene a little while, that the long-standing friendship of the Twins would suffer a violent disruption. For they were very excellent, these people, at reading signs and portents.

Eva Harrington was the daughter of the new proprietor of the Red Lion Hotel, and a dashing young lady withal. Morris was the local auctioneer, or, at least, one of them, and a pushful, phlegmatic sort of youngster. Philip Askew was a servant of the Midland and District Banking Company, Limited. His enemies called him a bank clerk.

Thus the problem.

Was Morris's deficiency in facial fascination sufficiently recompensed by the lucrative profession in which he was engaged? For it was lucrative; Morris made money as naturally as taking breath.

Or was the advantage with Askew, whose charming appearance and manner, allied to a gentlemanly occupation with prospects, could fairly be considered an effective combination?

Lastly, which did the dashing Miss Harrington favour?

That she extended a small measure of favour to both all the town knew, but it appeared to be equally distributed.

For instance, if she went riding with Morris of a morning—and a sweet and gracious figure she looked in her dark habit—in the afternoon, after bank hours, she would pass an hour or two at tennis with Askew, take tea with him at the club-house, and subsequently return to the hotel in his company, swinging her racket and chattering animatedly the while.

On other occasions she would ride with both—Morris, who dealt much in horseflesh, lending his pal a mount—and play tennis with both, and it was a frequent pastime to the observant to see the whole three set off for a long walk on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, all appearing in the best of spirits.

That there was some foundation of truth for the edifice of conjecture must be admitted. Both Morris and Askew were in love with Miss Harrington, and each thought the other held a better chance. But neither knew which the dashing lady in question preferred, and until that was made evident their surface relationship was unchanged.

A singular and rather amusing circumstance was that loyalty to the other prevented each from pressing his suit with the ardour that he would have done under different and more simple conditions.

So matters went on until the winter, when it was discovered that Miss Harrington, in addition to other accomplishments, was a daring and delightful skater.

For week after week King Frost held sway, and night after night the ice at Broadwaters Pool sang with the song of skates.

There is perhaps no pleasure more entrancing than swinging rhythmically round a sheet of hard black ice beneath the lamp of the moon, one's arms crossed with the girl of one's choice, the keen air pressing against the face and the glad blood tingling through the veins.

Morris proposed to Miss Harrington at such a



time, and got refused. It is to be said that he did it rather clumsily, cutting it short to avoid the advance of a linked line of impetuous young novices at the recreation, and resuming tamely just when a little enthusiasm was necessary.

"I was going to ask," he observed casually, "only those idiots interrupted, I was going to ask if you care enough for me to marry me."

They covered fully a hundred yards before she replied, and he kept his gaze steadily ahead.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't."

Morris said nothing.

"Shall we stop?" she said, after an interval.

"No," said Morris, and his clasp of her hands tightened. He wanted to prolong this last little bit of her.

"Have I made you think I might care?" she asked presently. She was always direct, this girl, even when it would have been easier to evade.

"Yes," said Morris, as bluntly.

"Think," she pleaded, and Morris ate his word without hesitation.

"No," he said. "You haven't. You've been a good, honest pal, that's all."

She squeezed his hands, and then, slowing up, swung round to face him.

Her eyes were sparkling, and a glow was on her cheeks, but the mouth was a bit shaky.

"I would kiss you for that," she said, "only there are so many people about."

Their hands were still locked, and Morris wrung them again before releasing them.

Something softened the sternness of his rugged face for a moment.

"Pals ever," he said. "After all, it's sometimes best."

"Pals ever," she repeated, and laughed at her emotion as much as at his.

Then Morris struck off to the side of the pool, removed his skates, and went home.

As Miss Harrington stood watching his departure a pair of arms went about her and twirled her round.

"Come on," said Askew smilingly.

He had seen Morris leave her, but he did not see his friend had left the ice.

Askew proposed after a half-serious half-sentimental prologue. He was very much in earnest before he had finished, taking her away out of the crowd, and speaking rapidly and a little wildly when there did not come into her face the expression he had hoped for.

"I wish you hadn't—to-night," she said, her composure weakened by this second attack upon it.

"There's somebody else," he said with conviction.

"There isn't," she said, but she did not look at him as she said it.

Askew's hands went deep in his pockets, and he stared away from her, seeing nothing but a blur.

He came to himself at a touch on the sleeve.

"Philip," she said, "you're making me feel a beast."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Askew hotly. "What for? You can't help not liking me."

"I do like you, you silly!"

"Well, loving me, then. It isn't likely you would. I'm a wretched sort of creature, if you

only knew. But don't think this is going to floor me. I'm not going to have you made miserable over me. Don't you worry, there's a good girl." His anxiety for her would have been comical had it not been pathetic. She saw only the pathetic, but, because she was a woman, she could not confess it.

"You dear!" she smiled. "I sha'n't worry unless you worry yourself." Then she sighed. "Don't I wish I were a man," she said.

"You are," said Askew. "You're the best of good fellows. That's why it's such a rotten shame to have spoilt things like this."

"But they're not spoilt. I'm just the same. We've been chums, Phil, haven't we?"

"Pals right through."

"And we're going to be?"

"We'll try."

"You don't sound very sure."

"You're a woman."

"I'm not," she said, "till I'm married."

Suddenly Phil laughed. He put out a woollen-gloved hand.

"I verily believe you're more man than girl," he said. "Pals again, then?"

"Pals ever," she said.

"Now, come along. And as fast as you can go."

Askew took Miss Harrington home that night, and Morris saw them as they passed down the street.

He fought a long fight with himself before going to bed, and the issue of the combat was revealed when he met Askew at the usual place at lunch next day.

"I'll just stroll a little way down the street with you," he said to him as they came out. "I've got something to tell you."

"I asked Eva Harrington to marry me last night," he said, going straight to the point, "and she refused. She had a very good reason. She didn't want me. I've held back for some time thinking that was your show, but it had to come out last night. You see how it is, old chap. I know nothing of your feelings, but if they're that way I think you're all right."

Askew would have interrupted, only that Morris spoke calmly and without a pause, and there was no opportunity. But when he had finished he turned to him.

"It's a knock-out," he said.

Morris turned and looked at his friend with a look that was half woebegone, half hopeful, and there was wonder in his voice, when he asked at last:

"What is? You surely never imagined she thought anything of me."

"I certainly did."

"Then she doesn't. It's you, you fool!"

Askew smiled sadly.

"As I happened to ask her the same question last night and got the same answer, I think the opinion is open to some doubt."

"Good lord!" said Morris. "But do you think she meant it?"

"Do you think she meant it with you?"

"Yes."

"Same here. She talked about being a pal. That's always fatal."

"So she did with me."

"As a matter of fact," Askew continued, "I was evolving similar noble expressions to those you've just expressed, to the effect that the coast was clear for you to go in and win, and good luck to you!"

"Then it's neither of us," said Morris.

The friends surveyed each other solemnly.

"Here," said Morris. "Let's go and have a drink."

They clinked glasses.

"To the best of little pals—till she's in love," said Askew, and Morris nodded.

They drank.

Then they lifted glasses to one another—and drank again.

"Anyhow——" said Morris.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. G. (Walsall).—So far we have not given racing tips, but we are concluding arrangements with someone very much in the know, and shall be giving them shortly.

G. R. (Sunderland).—Good luck to you, old sport! A man who gives up his own pleasure to keep his mother in comfort is the sort of chap we like.

J. C. B. (Kansas).—Glad to know you get THE MODERN MAN posted to you regularly, but you can buy it in Kansas or anywhere else if you order it. Thanks for your invitation; some day we may avail ourselves of it.

A. C. (Old Trafford).—You shouldn't have oiled your boots so much if you want them to take a polish; but don't worry—there's no need for a heavy pair of boots to be polished, provided, of course, that they are clean.

W. C. O. (Cardiff).—Sorry to hear you haven't got your dress uniform yet, but so long as funds are lacking there will be many little things to put up with. Stick it, old sport, and be glad you are a Territorial; there are many who can't get in.

T. R. (Glasgow).—We've had an article on how to tie a bow tie. Why don't you order some of our back numbers through your newsagent; they were pretty good.

A. E. C. (Manchester).—Long-distance running won't harm any man who is physically fit and increases his runs gradually. If you have any doubt about yourself, be examined by a local doctor.

P. Mc. C. (Perth).—You are wrong in supposing that we have any prejudice against moustaches; a well-kept moustache undoubtedly suits some men, but not all.

E. H. F. (West Croydon).—Own own motto would do very well for your Christmas cards, and it is at your service.

"DICKS" (H.M.S. Suffolk, Mediterranean Fleet).—Happy to know we are popular with all your chaps, but sorry to hear your grumbles at certain conditions of the Service. Learn to take the lean with the fat.

F. R. R. (Leith).—If you find it too much trouble to roll your own cigarettes and don't care for any of the ready-made kinds, get your tobacconist to have some made up from your own tobacco. He will not charge you much, and such cigarettes are very good.

W. K. (Glasgow).—Glad you have met so many wearing the League badge. Thank you for introducing new members; we trust you to see they are men of the right sort, otherwise we don't want them.

B. M. (Workington).—Don't chuck up your job. How often shall we have to repeat that London streets are not paved with gold? There is as much unemployment here as anywhere.

D. W. (Bradford).—Rubber boots certainly keep your feet and legs dry, but don't use them for marshland shooting. A kick against a snag is enough to rip off the soles of them.

G. C. B. (Durham).—We believe that the Carnegie Trust pays the university fees of any Scotsman, native or by parentage; but write to one of the four Scottish universities and ask them all about it.

C. A. (Cromer).—You can't learn from books how to fish. Get a practical lesson from some old hand.

C. H. (Leamington).—A hit with the arm contracted is much more telling than one delivered with the fist at the end of its stroke.

L. J. (Windsor).—Don't take up painting till you have first learned to draw. If you do, your pictures will be rather painful to the eyes of your friends.

HIGH HONOURS FOR DISCOVERER OF INFALLIBLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

Academy of Science's Gratitude.
Emperor of Austria's Appreciation of Scientific Skill.

PAIN INSTANTLY RELIEVED.
HALF PRICE REDUCTION TO SUFFERERS.

At the recent Medical Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, was exhibited for the first time in England one of the greatest advances in medical science for many years—viz., an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c., and instantaneous pain reliever. English Physicians were not slow in showing their unqualified approval of, and warmest interest in, the new discovery, and the hearty recommendations they have extended to it in a comparatively short time demonstrate the great importance and value which Medical Men here attach to this magnificent remedy. As it supplies the urgent want of a genuine benefactor—in fact, proves "a friend in need"—a splendid reception by the suffering public may be taken for granted.

WHAT MEDICAL SCIENCE ACHIEVED.

The grateful thanks of sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, &c., and of those affected with pain are due to Dr. Scheuble, Ph.D. of Vienna, who has given to suffering humanity the benefit of his genius after long researches in the field of Medical Science. He has set himself the task of utilising the most effective elements known to medical science for dissolving and expelling uric acid from the system and for the immediate relief of pain in such a manner as to free them from their harmful qualities, while yet retaining all their curative properties in a more pronounced degree. This new discovered element is named "Samol." In addition to boasting the above-named qualities, that is to say, the most powerful agencies, embodied in a most gentle and refined combination of an ointment, "Samol" possesses also vastly increased penetrating powers, so that the uric acid deposits in the system cannot fail to be reached by this highly absorbable element, whose tremendous dissolving powers play havoc with the poisonous matter in the human system. "Samol" is equally effective in allaying inflammation and irritation.

By combining the elements in the manner above described—elements, the value and importance of which have long been known to the medical world—Dr. Scheuble accomplished the seemingly impossible, and for this he received the highest award from the Academy of Science at Vienna; he further received a unique recognition from the Emperor of Austria for his Scientific skill.

All sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c., may now congratulate themselves upon having at their disposal a means which will enable them to successfully combat one of the most dreaded and refractory enemies of the human anatomy. For immediately "Samol" is applied to the painful parts the pain will be relieved, and repeated application will free the system from all poisonous matter which causes such complaints as Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

IMPORTANT DATA FOR SUFFERERS.

Latest researches in Medical Science have revealed and established the fact that Uric Acid plays an important part in Heart and Brain Affections through Sclerosis (hardening) of the arteries. Though no immediate harm in this respect can befall the sufferer, every effort should nevertheless be made to have the Uric Acid expelled from the system as speedily as possible, in order to check any aggravation of the evil in time, and thus prevent a chronic condition, which is reflected by premature old age, and evidenced by a short span of life.

Great efforts have been made in trying to rid the blood and system of the Uric Acid poisons by administering different kinds of medicine internally, but of little avail. It must, therefore, be a source of great satisfaction to sufferers to know that even those cases which are in the most advanced and refractory stages can now be successfully treated, and that fatal

consequences, and thereby anxiety and alarm, can be warded off and longevity attained.

MAGNIFICENT RECORDS OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

It is common knowledge that it is exceedingly difficult for new specifics to gain admission to Medical Circles and Hospitals, and the refusal of recognition is in nearly all cases justified on account of the quack nature of such preparations. But in the case of "Samol," the highest distinctions awarded to the discoverer have formed the best and most desirable letters of introduction to the public and the Medical Profession, who extended to it the enthusiastic welcome which it heartily deserves on account of its highly approved merits and value.

"Samol" is prescribed in all hospitals in Austria-Hungary and by the leading Medical Professors and Physicians on the Continent.

Dr. Eduard Miglitz (Chief Physician to the Hospital of the Brothers of Charity, Graz) says: "I have used 'Samol' and found it extremely efficacious and reliable in all cases of Rheumatic ailments, also in Neuralgia, and I am satisfied with the good results obtained from this preparation."

Dr. Alois Kohn (Imperial Councillor and Chief Physician to the Law Court, Teschen) says: "I have obtained excellent results with 'Samol' in Rheumatic and Gouty cases. 'Samol' is a great pain-reliever, and I wish the new preparation universal success and appreciation."

Dr. Hainiss Geza (University Lecturer, Imperial Councillor and Chief Physician to St. Stephen's Hospital, Budapest) says: "'Samol' has been of great benefit to the little patients at this hospital suffering from Rheumatism of the muscles and joints. It is an efficient reliever of pain."

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Rub the ointment gently into the affected part, when the pain will at once disappear. At the same time the uric-acid dissolving elements will enter the system and neutralise the poisonous matters, which are eliminated from the body in the ordinary course of secretion. Repeated application will ultimately rid the system from uric acid and other extraneous deposits, and thus procure full restoration to perfect health.

A UNIQUE APPEAL AND CHALLENGE

is hereby made to all sufferers to verify the remarkable statements made above, and to satisfy themselves of the magnificent curative properties of "Samol" by taking advantage of the following exceptional offer—viz., a 1s. 1½d. tube for 7d., post free. We can afford to abide by the issue, as we are confident as to your verdict. In order to bring a trial supply of this marvellous cure within reach of everybody, we have made arrangements for the distribution of a limited number of the 1s. 1½d. tubes through the public Press at the greatly reduced price of 7d. only. Those who wish to avail themselves of this unprecedented offer should apply at once, as it will be withdrawn as soon as the limited supply is exhausted.

"Samol" can be obtained in tubes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, at Messrs Harrod's, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Army and Navy Stores, &c. The 2s. 9d. tube contains more than three, and the 4s. 6d. tube six times the quantity of a 1s. 1½d. tube of "Samol."

Full directions for use in all ailments and emergencies are enclosed with each tube.

For special offer address your application, enclosing sevenpence (postal order for 6d. with 1d. stamp affixed), to The Selecta Manufacturing Co., 44 Botolph House, Eastcheap, London.



Dr. Scheuble, the Discoverer of the Infallible Cure for Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SKATING BOOTS.

In skating, as in many other pastimes, the man counts for more than his tools, and it is generally the incompetent skater who is wont to fit himself out with all those accessories with which enterprising sporting outfitters are ready to supply him.

Among the things that are pressed upon the novice are skating boots. Generally these are cut tremendously high in the ankle, and are brought to acute points fore and aft.

The idea is that they give special support to the ankle and prevent the risk of strain. Whether they really do so is a matter which I must leave to those who are more skilled in skating than I am, but perhaps I may be allowed to give my opinion as to their appearance.

There is something to my mind extremely effeminate about them, and effeminacy in a man's appearance is a thing which I detest. When you see a skater wearing a pair of boots of this description, you wonder whether his nether limbs suggest those of a clumsy woman or of a music-hall acrobat; there seems to be very little of the ordinary man about them.

For all ordinary skating—and I have done a good bit in my time, although I do not profess to be an adept—you will find that ordinary heavy boots, which are generally cut about an inch higher than the usual lighter City boot, will answer the purpose admirably.

Where you are wearing gaiters, you can, of course, wear the outfitter's type of skating boot beneath them if you want to, for the ungainly pointed tops will be covered up by the more masculine legging.

SHORT LEGGINGS.

Talking about leggings reminds me that I may as well give you a tip if you happen to be having a pair made for you. It is that you should have them cut short. I believe that twelve inches is an average height for a legging, but eleven inches, or even ten and three-quarters, is a much more serviceable one.

It depends, of course, upon your particular length of limb, but I am speaking of the average man, and you must adapt what I say to your own particular case, for some men have longer legs from the knee to the ankle than others.

If you have ever seen the leggings worn by jockeys and trainers, and other men who are continually in the saddle, you must have noticed that in almost every case they just cover the top of the boot and nothing more. On some of these fellows the leggings look little deeper than an anklet, for their wearers are short of stature, but there is good common-sense in the cut of them nevertheless.

A legging that just covers the top of your boot does not get creased in front as does another that reaches too low down, and, moreover, the fact that it does not quite come to your ankle joint leaves you with a far greater freedom of movement at that particular section of your anatomy.

I am not saying that leggings that come down further over the boot are unfashionable or anything of the kind. Leggings are things that survive for years, and generally a man is proud of a pair according to their age, and the obvious



amount of wear on the insides. I am merely giving the hint to those who happen to be getting a new pair, and who want to have them cut in the latest and most useful style.

MUD ON OVERCOATS.

At this season of the year, the City man is bound to get his overcoat splashed with mud and he should give attention to its removal.

I walked down Piccadilly the other morning behind a man who was wearing a beautifully-cut Chesterfield, but the appearance of the whole coat was spoilt by the fact that there was a large mud-stain on the tail of it.

The mud was perfectly dry, showing that it had not come there that morning, and showing also that the owner

of the coat had not taken the trouble to have a look over it before he put it on.

If you are badly splashed with mud from the hoofs of a passing hansom or 'bus horse, you may remove the thick of it by scraping it off gently with your penknife, but that part of the stain which is going to show up worst of all can only be removed by a good firm brushing when the mud is thoroughly dry.

This is a little point, but one which helps to make or mar a man's appearance during the winter months.

A COLLAR TIP.

Nothing spoils a man's appearance more thoroughly than wearing a collar that is too wide for him. Most men realise this, and are careful to choose a collar of such a size that one does not see down their neck.

In spite of this care, however, it is possible for a man's collar to be unbecoming to him, even although it is the right size for him.

The fault is generally that of the laundry. I do not know anything about the methods of laundries, my interest being wholly concerned with the results obtained, but I have frequently observed that collars, when they are returned to you from the wash, have a peculiarly wide shape; they are very narrow from front to back, and wider than they ought to be from side to side.

How the laundry people get this result and why they get it, I do not know, but that they do often send collars back in this condition is a fact known to most of us.

If you put on a collar like this it sticks out at each side of your neck and spoils your appearance.

The cure is very simple. Before putting the collar on, twist it round in your hand gently but firmly, bending it in to an exact circle. Twist it, in fact, as if you wanted to pack it up into a very small parcel, but be careful not to crease it in any way.

Collars so treated will form a perfect circle when fixed upon your shirt, and will look twice as well as a collar bent in the way that the laundry bends them.

USEFUL SOCKS.

I was lunching the other day in a restaurant behind a man who was wearing a nondescript greenish grey suit, black shoes, and socks of a slate grey colour.

They were winter socks, and there were no clocks or other ornamentations upon them. I do not know what he paid for them or where he bought them, but they struck me as being of an extremely useful colour, for it would be difficult to imagine the suit that such socks would not go with.

I am rather keen on colour schemes, but in buying socks one wants a few pairs that will go with practically any suit, and, if you happen to be laying in a stock, I should advise you to have at least one pair of this dark grey slate kind.

For use with a dark blue or dark grey suit, however, there is nothing to beat plain black or navy blue socks. They are easily darned and the sombre colour, in these days of vivid-hued foot-wear, gives the touch of restraint that always marks the well-dressed man.



Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trousers Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List, Free. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

BOOTS **GUARANTEED** **ALL LEATHER.** **8/11**

NOW'S THE TIME FOR securing a well-fitting Reliable Boot, Glacé Kid or Box Calf. Unequalled at the price. We have a specially recommended boot for **TERRITORIALS,** LIGHT, GENTEEL, BUT VERY DURABLE. Readers of the "M.M." should avail themselves of this opportunity right away now.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD, Maker,
74, Manor Lane, Lee, London, S.E.

FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS.



It is satisfactory to have a first grade overcoat, cut by the best London tailor. You find real pleasure in wearing it.

Made in pure wool tweeds or Scotch Cheviots.

50/-

These coats are cut in the very latest style, and an accurate fit is guaranteed.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold. **In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.** There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, Army dress overalls (A.S.C. preferred); waist 37in., buttocks 42in., thigh 22in., calf 16in., inside leg 34in.; also "Swan-Neck" spurs.—Box 1400, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Fashionable overcoat, fur collar (cost 10s. 6d.); accept 35s. Fancy vest, 6s. Too cheap for approval.—Box 1402, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
"Baden Powell" Collars, best linen; dozen 4s. 6d.; six 2s. 6d. post free; usual price 6½d. each; state size and depth when ordering—S. Raby, Southam, Warwickshire.

Wanted, pair strong riding breeches, cloth or buckskin strappings; 14½in. calf.—Box 1404, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

YOU PICK UP YOUR PAPER,
YOUR FANCY HAS WON,
BUT—MAKE SURE OF YOUR MONEY
BY DEALING WITH GUNN.

Gilbert Gunn, Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow. Credit accounts opened.
Set of ivory billiard balls, new condition, full size; 21s.—J. B. 144, Sheffield Road, Whittington Moor, near Chesterfield.

Boer rifle, name carved, Westley, Richard; Martini action; £3.—Box 1403, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair roller skates, Union Extension, ball bearings, perfect order; cost 17s. 6d., sell 10s., post free.—Box 1405, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Billiard Tables, see Riley's advt., page 23.

MUSIC.

Magnificent banjo, Temlett, pearl inlaid. Cost £5; accept 50s., including case.—Box 1412, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Hawkes' Excelsior B flat clarinet, 13 keys, case, perfect, 21s.; exchange.—Box 1413, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Bed-sitting room to let; Brixton district; suit two friends; terms moderate.—Apply, in first case, to Box 1417, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Week-end sport on farm, near London.—Box 1416, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Week-end Sport. 500-acre farm in Sussex; rough shooting, fishing, &c.; terms moderate.—Box 1383, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hunting and rough shooting. Excellent stable accommodation and first-class board.—Reply Farmer, Box 1384, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Airedale dog, two years, excellent pedigree, no vice, 50s.; or exchange for mastiff pup.—Edwin Bull, Beaufort, Mon.

Black flat-coated retriever dog, well broken to gun, good nose, will retrieve feather or fur, no further use; bargain, 30s., or would exchange for good terrier dog.—Box 1414, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Airedale terrier dog puppy, cheap to good home.—Box 1415, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dog food.—See Molassine advt., page 35.

POULTRY YARD.

Hearson Champion incubator, 60-egg size; as new; perfect hatcher; £3 10s., or nearest offer; also corn crusher, £1.—Box 1419, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, hen coops; cheapest price, including carriage.—Box 1418, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 31.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Lucas's Acetyphote, 12s. 6d.; gas lamp, 6s. 6d.; also several sundries, 4s.; oil can, pump, &c.—Box 1402, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

3½-h.p. Ormonde, engine re-bushed and finned, cylinder re-bored, new piston, new Dunlop tyres, spares, &c.; £15 or offer.—Punnett, Manor Road, Richmond.

Gentleman's Free-wheel Bicycle, Components fittings, Clincher tyres, hub and rim brakes; 55s.—Young, Long Street, Sherborne, Dorset.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harmsworth History, 8 vols., bound in publisher's covers, quite new, cost 45s.; what offers?—Box 1401, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Guinea correspondence classes for all sanitary examinations.—Write, Barlow Bennett, 26, Park Lane, Darlington.

Harmsworth History of the World; Fifty-one parts complete. What offers?—Fletcher, 4, Francis Terrace, Carmarthen.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 31.

MEDICAL.

1,500 Things to Know, for household, farmer, manufacturer, workshop, laboratory, chemists, trappers, &c., &c. Over 1,000 formulæ and recipes for everything. 1s. 4d. post paid, with catalogue of over 500 books.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Publisher, Stockton, Rugby.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Splendid enlargement from any photograph, 18in. by 14in., note size; 2s. each post free. Read this again.—Harold Ibal, 17, St. Matthew Street, Burnley, Lancashire.

½-plate hand camera, perfect condition and accessories; 10s.—Box 1406, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Excellent ½-plate camera, Ross lens, 3 double slides, in leather case, tripod stand, little used; cost £20, £4 10s.—Box 1407, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ASTOUNDING VALUE. An Ideal Present.—Perfect coloured miniature of your sweetheart, friend, or self in a beautifully engraved rolled Gold Pendant complete. We guarantee to return money if you are not perfectly satisfied. Send photo with P.O. 1s. 6d. to-day. Photo returned uninjured.—Pickwick Trading Co., 3, Cherry Street, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Equals silver! Aluminium cigarette case with your monogram engraved; 2s.—Westbury, 56, Portsmouth Street, Manchester.

5s. safety razor, with 7 blades, in beautiful case, complete, 1s. 6d. post free.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"Grit combined with a few shillings outlay" will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How." Post-paid, 1s. 2d. Numerous testimonials.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Stockton, Rugby.

5,000 flashes. Electric pocket lamp complete; P.O. 1s., post paid.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Wanted, oil engine, 6 to 10-h.p.—Box 1409, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Typewriter, Yost, No. 4, nearly new.—Box 1410, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, cinematograph and magic lantern combined, suitable for small halls or home use, with 750ft. good film, all excellent condition; price £5 the lot, cost over double.—Box 1411, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

What offers, typewriter (Remington) in splendid order? Also quantity of carbon paper.—Box 1408, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Territorials Only.—In conjunction with a leading insurance company, I have arranged a special accident insurance policy for Territorials. The only one of its kind. Very cheap. Particulars on receipt of postcard.—Lance-Corporal Lennox (of The Rough Riders), 40, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Retiring from business. Large assortment of flags to be sold, much under cost.—Write or call, Taylor and Baker, 241, Westbourne Grove, W.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth £3 3s. Approval willingly.

10 S. 6 D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25 S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29 S. 6 D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21 S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29 S. 6 D.—Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks. Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 10s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

12 S. 6 D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

(Containing a Week's Supply)

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

The Great Brain and Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous affections, individually known as

Nervous Headache
Insomnia or
Sleeplessness
Mental Exhaustion
Lassitude
Vague Fears
St. Vitus' Dance

Over-Sensitiveness
Loss of Memory
Neuritis
Neurasthenia
Nervous Indigestion
Faintness
Melancholia

Moroseness
Dizziness
Trembling
Restlessness
Neuralgia
Nervous Debility
Hysteria

Despondency or
Depression
Morbid Forebodings
Irritability
Nervous Palpitations
Inability to Concentrate the Mind

And General Brain and Nerve Exhaustion.

Of All Chemists, Stores, etc., 9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE.

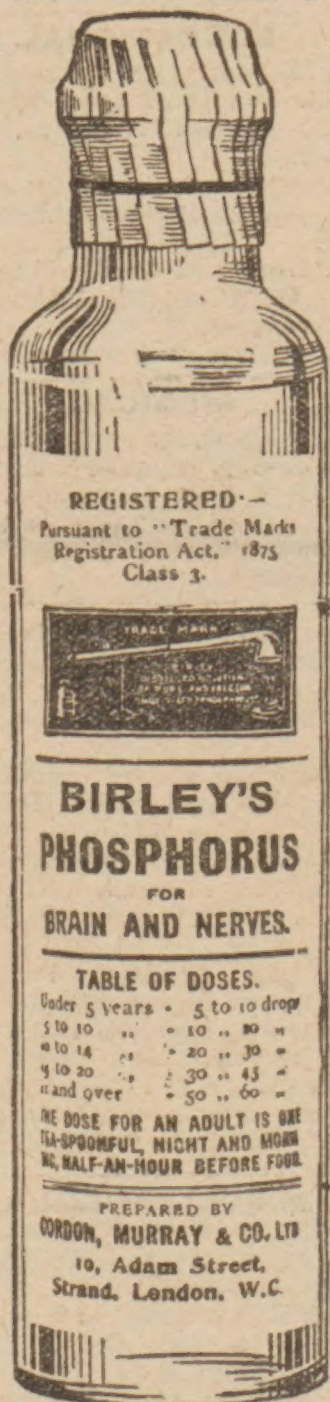
WHY THE BRAIN & NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.



THE REAL ACTION OF PHOSPHORUS IN THE SYSTEM.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and bony structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so do the brain and nervous system need the one element—Phosphorus—for their renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headache, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

Sign This Coupon.

To GORDON, MURRAY, & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Sirs,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Also 24-paged Pamphlet. I enclose FOUR PENNY STAMPS to cover the expenses of postage, packing, and dispatching. I promise never to make a second application for a trial Bottle either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address.....

D.X. 41.....

TRIAL BOTTLES CANNOT BE SENT ABROAD.

CURES ALL
NERVE
COMPLAINTS

BEST FOR
BRAIN
AND NERVES